YANK

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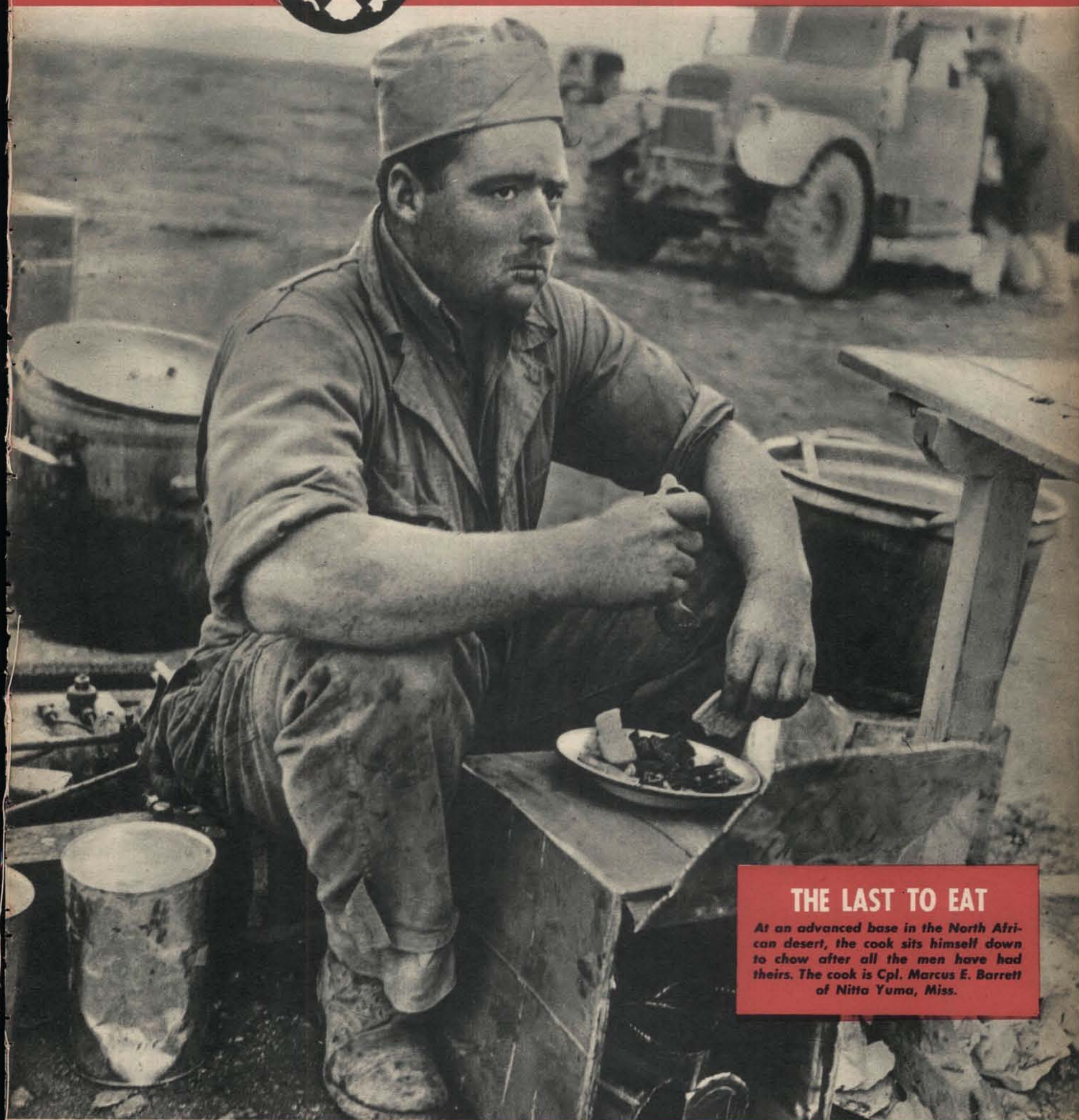
By the men . . for the men in the service



THE LAST TO EAT

At an advanced base in the North African desert, the cook sits himself down to chow after all the men have had theirs. The cook is Cpl. Marcus E. Barrett of Nitta Yuma, Miss.

YANK Proposes Changes in Army Mail Regulations

—SEE PAGE 11

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SGT. ARTHUR W. MILLARD of Detroit, Mich., a gunner: "The biggest thrill to me was the time when we dropped a beautiful shot on one of the enemy's pill boxes. Then I got a helluva kick seeing three Jerries come running out with their hands up to surrender. That's something I won't forget."

CPL. PAUL E. GRUBE of Springfield, Ohio, gunner: "There were plenty of exciting moments when we tossed a lot of high explosive shells. The one incident I do recall was when one of my shots went into a small French house where there were some Germans. The house just mushroomed apart."

What gave you your biggest kick during a tank battle?

The question above was asked of five U. S. Armored Force fighters in Tunisia. Here are the men and their answers.

PVT. EARL E. ADKINS of Lynchburg, Va., relief driver and assistant 75-mm gunner: "I was standing in the turret of the tank when an enemy shell hit our 75-mm gun and exploded. The concussion knocked me down. A piece of shrapnel went through my jacket, wallet and pay book—and stopped there."

LT. EDWARD BERLINSKI of Bloomfield, N. J., platoon commander, tank outfit, a former football star with North Carolina State and the Brooklyn Dodgers: "The opening of the battle—which was like the beginning of a football game. The men came down the field in formation, like a well-coached team."

S/SGT. WILLIAM SHEPPERD of Anniston, Ala., crew chief: "I guess you would call it a thrill of relief. Our tank was hit by an enemy shell which broke the tracks. We were stalled. We had to get out because we were making a good target. There was lots of lead flying, but we got back safely."

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Sunset Division eclipses The Rising Sun

After a hard day of Jap hunting in New Guinea, Pvt. Irving Bannister of Chicago cleans his M1, while Pvt. William Lauritsen of Montevideo, Minn., cooks beans and coffee.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—Of all the gorgeous sunsets American fighting men have witnessed from this tropical battleground, most vivid was the one that lit up the sky the evening Yanks and Aussies smashed through to capture Sanananda Point.

It seemed a fitting climax to the fierce battles in which units of the 41st Division—the Sunset Division—and the Aussies chased the Japs down the very trail up which they came so confidently a few months before.

Typical of the heroes of this battle was Cpl. Carlton C. Tidrick of Belton, Mont. Tidrick's squad was sent out on a mission near a Jap stronghold, which opened up on the Yanks with machine guns and automatic rifles. Tidrick was hit three times, and Pvt. Kenneth E. Paul, an ex-farmer from Big Fork, Mont., was also wounded.

Bleeding so heavily that his squad pleaded with him to get to safety, Tidrick thought quick. He knew that crawling back might mean death. But he also knew that Paul was badly injured and that the lieutenant had to have information of the Jap position.

Half carrying, half dragging Paul back to the platoon, Tidrick turned the big farmer over to the Medics but refused treatment himself until he had given the lieutenant details of the Jap positions. Concerning the rest of his squad, he said: "If the others aren't hit as badly as I am they can wait and get back afterwards. If they're hit worse than I am, they're dead." Then he collapsed. Tidrick's commander recommended him for the DSC and Silver Star.

Advance man for his rifle platoon, Sgt. Joe Oliphant of Fort Worth, Tex., edged up to within a few feet of some Japs in fox holes. They fired on him and he gave them a few bursts with his tommy gun. Evidently the Japs thought Oliphant had a lot of men with him for they got out of the fox holes and started to run back to other positions. Before they could get there, however, Oliphant sprayed them with his tommy gun and dropped most of them, releasing his trigger when he realized he had only five more shots left. When his platoon caught up with him, Oliphant was saving his last five bullets to defend himself. Sprawled before him were 12 dead Japs.

Pfc. Maurice Levy, former Chicago artist, made even a bigger haul with his Garand. He sneaked through the Jap lines to the edge of a path running from a machine-gun nest to other Jap positions. Twenty-two Japs passed down that trail within a few hours, and Levy killed every one of them. Finally the Japs located Levy and got four bullets into him. But when his pals captured the nest, they found Levy still eyeing the trail for more victims.

S/Sgt. Johnnie Mohl is always up front when his men attack. Mohl is from White Pine, Mont., and left Montana State College in his junior year to join the Army. Together with Cpl. Bill Rummel, former Hartford (Kans.) service-station operator, Mohl crawled into the Jap perimeter one night as part of a platoon plan of attack. Mohl and Rummel crawled up to the pill boxes and poured lead into them. The confused Japs were firing all over the place, not knowing which were their own men and which were the Yanks.

Mohl and Rummel were having a good time until one of their guns jammed and the other ran out of bullets.

"We got mad as hell that we had to throw away our guns just when the fun started," Mohl said. "But we had our pockets full of grenades which we kept rolling into the pill boxes until our men arrived."

The battle up Sanananda Trail was made all the more difficult by New Guinea's rainy season which had begun a few weeks before. In several places the trail was under two or three feet of water. On either side of the built-up trail were swamps. Because the Japs had built their pill boxes and strong positions on all the available high ground commanding the trail, the Yanks and Aussies had to advance and live for days in the swamps and water.

Getting supplies through to American infantrymen in these positions was a major problem. Sgt. Owen D. Gascall, husky supply man from Oregon, met his death this way. He had waded through water skirting the Jap perimeter with a supply squad and bumped into a Jap machine-gun nest. He was shot through the helmet but the bullet just grazed his head. He motioned his squad to make a wide detour and go on as he drew fire from the nest by tossing hand grenades at the gun slits.

When his squad was safely past the nest with ammunition and food for the Americans on the other side of the trail, Gascall went to join them. But the Japs had him spotted and killed him.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

In Tunisia, after a battle against Axis forces, U. S. soldiers give a captured Italian tank a thorough going-over for possible booby traps.

He Got Lost Over Enemy Territory in a Transport Plane, Was Blasted by a JU-88, Crashed and Lived To Tell It

CAIRO—It gave them one hell of a feeling, guiding a Lockheed Hudson across dark skies, not knowing where they were, not knowing when a JU-88 would panther out of the thick clouds, not knowing whether the AA below was theirs or Jerry's.

Packed to the roof with gas, rubber tires, and radio equipment, they were en route to India. The navigator had lost his bearings, and they had been flying around for hours. The pilot, Sgt. E. J. Doherty of Boise, Idaho, was sure they were over enemy territory.

Back in the bowels of the ship he could hear the muttering of his two wireless air gunners. The job was a 50-50 one; the wireless could help. If they were flying over friendly territory, any airfield would guide them in.

The navigator climbed through and stood beside him. "I think we're near Malta, Ed."

Doherty shook his head. Faint buzzings came from the earphones strapped on his head—jerky little sentences meaning nothing.

"Yeah, you're right. We're approaching Malta."

Now the wireless was full of sound. Doherty began pulling the Hudson down.

Below a green light flashed. Doherty circled the field. He was certain that it was an airfield, although he couldn't see a thing. The sky and earth both seemed to meet in one great black mass. But this was it all right. The flare path lit up. He glided in at 300.

There was a rapid black streak. The blackness of earth and sky seemed suddenly to light and explode before his eyes. The left motor was one roaring mass of flame. The great ship staggered like a sick old woman. She nosed down.

"A JU-88," one of the WAGs cried. "I saw him just as he hightailed."

Loaded as heavily as she was, the Hudson couldn't take the terrific strain on one motor. Flame from the ruined motor was licking back toward Doherty. He fought to level the ship. He didn't know whether he would crash into a mountain, a base hospital, or belly in on the landing tarmac.

At 100 he could see the faint signs of the horizon. Now he knew that he could bring her in. When you can see the horizon, no matter how dimly, it's pretty certain that there are no obstacles in the way.

With a great roar, the Hudson bellied in, crashing and sliding. The left motor was still flaming. She stopped after 300 feet of dragging her belly on the ground. Flame had reached the pilot's compartment. The nose of the ship broke off in one hunk and dropped, the navigator and the two wireless air gunners going with it. A terrific jolt and Doherty blacked out.

It was strictly from Hollywood when he awoke in the hospital. His left arm was burned horribly. His face was swathed in some evil-smelling cloth. The doctor told him that he had pulled the ship up at the edge of a cliff; that the nose had broken off and fallen over. The navigator would never lose his way again; the wireless operators would never strap on earphones again. The ship was a complete wreck but the cargo had been salvaged.

Two months later, Flight Sgt. Edward J. Doherty climbed into another Hudson—one reloaded with the cargo of the ruined ship—and flew her to India.

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Plenty of Slaw in the Middle East

MIDDLE EAST—Army KPs get oversized vegetables to work on, as evidenced by this 30-pound specimen, which gives soldiers in the Middle East theater plenty of vitamins. "The Nile River valley grows three crops of cabbages per year," says Cpl. Al de Bergh of Passaic, N. J., "and I'm personally peeling two of 'em." —Cpl. JOHN R. EVANS
YANK Field Correspondent

A Good Reason for Drinking Beer: Shellac Remover Is Too Hard to Get

NEWFOUNDLAND—Even though American beer sells for 35 cents a can at the local drinking spots, there're two good reasons why the guys go for it.

In order to buy a bottle of anything else, you must have a license, which is procured from the local government at $2 a year. You then proceed to one of the three oases where you stand in line for an hour. After forking over five bucks, a fifth of a gallon is yours—that is if you can get there before 4 P.M.

That's reason No. 1; beer is cheaper and less trouble.

There is also a local drink called "Screetch," a rum-slum concoction of molasses, rum, and several other mysterious ingredients. This is an equivalent of "Jersey Lightning" and a double "Zombie." It can also be used as shellac remover.

That's reason No. 2 for sticking to beer. It's better for the constitution.

—Pfc. FRANK BODE
YANK Field Correspondent

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Here's One for Ripley—the Army Runs A Navy Down in South America

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA—The U. S. Army does a lot of strange things, but we'll bet you didn't know it was running a Navy in South America.

This South American Navy consists of two sturdy old steamboats, manned by two officers and 60 soldiers from the Coast Artillery who would have called you crazy had you predicted a few years ago that they were going to grow up to be sailors in the Army.

They sail along the coast and rivers of British Guiana and Surinam, which used to be called Dutch Guiana back in our fifth-grade geography class and now is called by several other GI names, none of them printable.

The British Guiana vessel is the *General R. N. Batchelder*, near and dear to every soldier at the jungle base of Atkinson Field because it is their sole means of getting to Georgetown, the only place they can visit when they get a pass once a month.

Every day the *Batchelder* loads up a happy crowd of GIs, takes them down the river to town and waits overnight to carry them back, tired and broke and wondering if that girl at the USO dance will write as she promised. The Atkinson Field guys never miss the boat on the return trip. If they overstay their pass, they don't get out of the jungle again for three months.

The Batchelder carries a load of sleepy GIs.

The *Batchelder* is a 37-year-old Quartermaster harbor boat. "But don't mix us up with the Quartermasters," says Lt. John R. Malone of Lawrence, Kan., the officer in charge of the 32 soldiers who run it. "We're coast artillerymen from the mine-laying service, and we're sick and tired of this water taxicab business. It's like KP for us."

The skipper of the *Batchelder* is T/Sgt. Harold R. Brown of East Boston, Mass., who used to take the wheel of his father's tug boat in Boston Harbor before he knew how to walk. "Sgt. Brown can dock a boat faster than anybody in this part of the world," says Malone. "One of the best damn sailors I ever saw."

All the soldiers in Brown's crew would be making big money if they were in the Merchant Marine instead of the Coast Artillery. His first mate is S/Sgt. Lorin Livingston of Providence, R. I., and the chief engineer is T/Sgt. Philip Bray of Orland, Me., who's been at sea for 10 years. Sgt. Wilfred Manchester, the assistant engineer, is another old salt from the whaling town of New Bedford, Mass.

The only noncom on the *Batchelder* who doesn't give a damn for the sea is the bosun, S/Sgt. Joseph M. Laclaire of Moores Corner, Mass. He is sweating out a transfer to the Air Forces.

Brown and his OD sailors brought the *Batchelder* all the way to South America from Portland, Me., two years ago. First they went from Maine to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and worked for a while in the mine-laying service around Sandy Hook. Then they got orders to head south.

They left Brooklyn Sept. 26, 1941, and made Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, in a month. They stayed at Trinidad for a while, then started out for South America and arrived in British Guiana in January, 1942. They came with the understanding that it was to be temporary duty. Civilian crews were supposed to take over their job and they were going back to mine-laying.

"We're starting our second year now and the civilians haven't shown up yet," Lt. Malone says, taking off his sun helmet and mopping his brow. "This is the longest stretch of temporary duty we've ever seen."

Like all soldiers here in South America, the crew of the *Batchelder* would give anything for a little action. They are a little jealous of their mates on the Army boat in Surinam, the *General Thomas N. Jessup*, named for the first quartermaster general in the Army. The *Jessup* actually hasn't been under fire but at least it has gone out to pick up survivors of a torpedoed merchant ship under the guidance of the Air Force.

Skipper Brown and First Mate Lorin Livingston.

The *Jessup* is another veteran from the Coast Artillery mine-laying service, also on long-term temporary duty, with a crew of 28 soldiers under Lt. John Keefer of Wilmington, Del. First Sgt. Henry M. Fowler of Hampton Bays, Long Island, N. Y., is skipper with T/Sgt. Charles Partridge of Baton Rouge, La., as mate and T/Sgt. Edson Dewhurst of New Bedford, Mass., as chief engineer. S/Sgt. Fred Smith of Manistee, Mich., is assistant engineer and S/Sgt. Jerome Staff of Milton, Fla., is bosun.

The *Jessup* had two first sergeants for a while, the other one being Butch, the black dog attached to the boat for rations, quarters and administration, who wears regulation dog tags on his collar. But Butch went AWOL for a month and was busted down to private.

Butch gets around with the crew whenever they go ashore. Recently, when the *Jessup* went into dry dock at Georgetown for repairs, he frequently was seen at all the leading places, including 223 South Street, where he seemed to be enjoying himself even though he wasn't particularly welcome.

The *Jessup* and the *Batchelder* plow along jungle rivers with native villages of thatched huts scattered along the banks. It looks like darkest Africa but the soldiers in the Army's South American Navy find it pretty dull and boring.

"We thought it was monotonous laying those mines back in the States," Brown says. "But at least we were carrying explosives. In this job we don't carry anything except GIs with hangovers."

—Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

Pill Rollers on Errand of Mercy Fought Jungle, Rivers and Swamps

INDIA—A couple of U. S. Army pill rollers, on an errand of mercy to save the life of a Catholic priest dying in the Indian jungles, recently drove an Army ambulance over eight miles of forestland through which not even an ox cart had ever passed before.

The soldiers, S/Sgt. Allen R. Nash of Lakeland, Fla., and Sgt. Morris H. Browning of Maysville, Ky., were detailed to the rescue mission when authorities at a nearby Catholic Mission appealed to the U. S. Army Hospital for aid. One of their missionaries, himself an Allied soldier of 1918, was dying at his mission post 180 miles back in the jungles. Native runners had brought word of his grave condition to the mission fathers.

Sgts. Nash and Browning started out at 2 A. M., just a few minutes after the appeal was made. With them were two priests from the mission, one a doctor. After driving the ambulance 150 miles through a torrential downpour and thick fog, they had to turn off the main road onto a mud path used only by bullock carts. Finally, even the cart path faded into jungle land.

Their only guidance now was a compass and the faint memories of one of the priests who had made the trip five years before. Often forced to detour around jagged cliffs and impassable bogs, they nevertheless crossed three rivers, a mountain range and several miles of swampland. Sometimes the water was so high steam formed as it came in contact with the boiling motor of their ambulance. At other times, they had to get native manpower and water-buffalo to push and pull the ambulance through the bogs.

The last eight miles of the trip were through a forest. Not even a bullock cart had ever penetrated it, let alone a motor car. Most of the way, Nash and Browning had to get out and chop down trees to clear the passage.

Finally they reached the mud hut where the priest lay dying. Assisting the doctor-priest in giving what immediate medical aid was possible, Browning and Nash placed the dying man in the ambulance and started the trip back without even taking time to rest.

The priest was still alive when they reached the hospital and at first seemed on the road to recovery. However, complications developed and he died later.

Aborigines at the missionary outpost had never before seen a motor vehicle. They could not understand anything moving without an animal to pull it. Some thought that "the long pen in front (the motor) must have a powerful water-buffalo inside it to make the vehicle move so swiftly."

—Sgt. BILL ENGEL
YANK Field Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE STORY OF A BATTLESHIP

An exciting study of a Navy floating fortress as she operates under fire in the South Pacific, with a sailor from each one of her vital battle stations telling how he feels and what he does in action against the Japs.

The Morale Is: If You Wanta Fly a Plane, Keep Your Pants On

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—An alert sounded at 12:05 A.M., and the pilots rushed from their bunks and into their P-40s. They circled the island several times at 5,000 feet, then went up to the higher altitudes—9,000, 12,000 and 16,000 feet.

After about half an hour, the radio tower below began getting frantic messages. "Japs unsighted. We freezing."

When the planes landed after the "all clear" had sounded, the reason was discovered. In the rush to get to their ships, five of the pilots had gone aloft just as they slept—in the raw.

—YANK Field Correspondent.

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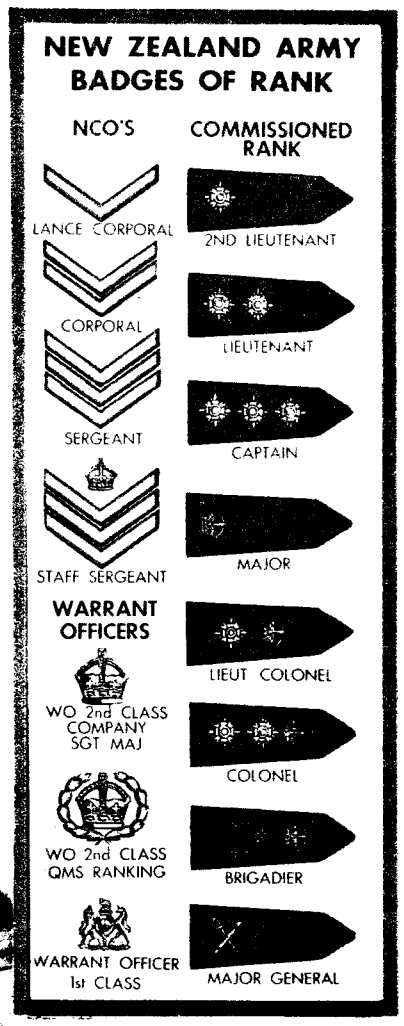
The Kiwi

FROM NEW ZEALAND



American soldiers, stationed in the South Pacific beside this hard-boiled veteran of Greece, Crete and Libya, find him an all-around good guy who hates snobs and stuffed shirts.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ALLIED BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—The New Zealand soldier calls his chow "tucker," his dog tags "meat tickets" and refers to a goldbricker as a "lead-swinger." When he accuses somebody of bucking for lance corporal, he points to the guy's highly polished shoes and cries, "Crawler!"

The New Zealander also wears shorts and high, black, hob-nailed boots until 6 P.M., uses an open-hand salute and addresses his lieutenants as "mister." Still he has a lot in common with the American soldier who is stationed beside him down here in the South and Southwest Pacific. Both like their beer cold, and both hate stuffed shirts and unreasonable authority and don't hesitate to say so with a remarkable vocabulary of military profanity that is quite similar in range and scope.

A Case of Mutual Admiration

Ask a New Zealand digger what soldier he respects most outside of his own army and he will invariably reply, "Those bloody Yanks." Ask a U. S. sergeant around here the same question and he'll answer, "Them damned Kiwis."

"Kiwi" is the name that American soldiers use in referring to anything of New Zealand origin. It comes from the national bird of the dominion, an impudent fowl without a tail that cannot fly.

Americans who have been stationed in New Zealand found it very much like Nebraska except for the traffic on the left-hand side of the

Artillerymen have leapt to their positions around a 3.7 howitzer

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streets and the tea everybody drinks instead of coffee. Almost a third of the male population is in uniform, and thousands of diggers have been fighting on the battle fronts of the world for three years. Many New Zealanders here in the South Pacific are veterans of the brutal campaigns at Greece, Crete and Libya. After those three defeats, the news of the victorious New Zealand outfits with Gen. Montgomery's British Eighth Army in Africa came as a refreshing relief.

Hardened by Reverses

The New Zealand soldier took the set-backs at Crete and Libya courageously because he is used to doing things the hard way. While we speak of Gettysburg or Valley Forge, the Kiwi remembers Gallipoli. He was the NZ part of the tough ANZACS, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps which landed at Gallipoli on April 25, 1915, dug into the rocky ravines on that peninsula and fought the bloody massacre that followed. A typical Gallipoli report was one of May 2 which said:

"Eight hundred men lost without advantage, trying to take a knoll."

Like the Americans, the New Zealanders remind themselves that they have lost bitter battles in every war but they have never lost a war. They are hardened, smart troops. When I was visiting them, they went out every morning on field exercises that involved 10-, 20- and 30-mile marches, and their "smoke-koos" (10-minute breaks) came after 90 minutes of walking instead of 50 minutes.

The diggers use several American-made weapons, some purchased outright, others obtained through lend-lease. The infantrymen carry our Springfields, occasionally a Garand and many British Lee-Enfield .303 rifles, which are bolt-action, magazine-fed 10-round jobs.

The Kiwi calls his bayonet a "needle" or "pricker." He has picked up expert advice on its use from the Maoris, a fierce Polynesian people who originally settled New Zealand and know more about the bayonet than Billy the Kid knew about the six-shooter.

There are Maori battalions in the New Zealand forces. They have scared the hell out of Italians and Germans in North Africa with their battle cry, "*Ake ake ki a ka ha e!*" which means that they will fight forever and ever, amen.

Must Be Picked To Be an OC

The Kiwi receives far less pay than an American soldier and anywhere from a fourth to a third of his pay must be alloted to dependents or saved by the government until after the war. However, chances of advancement are good. The New Zealand private can go to OCS—they call it OCTU, which stands for Officer Cadet Training Unit—but he can't put in for it himself. He has to be selected by his platoon officer and interviewed in turn by his company commander, battalion commander and brigade commander, and then, finally, he gets a final once-over from his commanding general.

If he survives all that he goes to OCTU in New Zealand, gets his "pips (officer insignia like our gold bars) and becomes a "leftenant." A candidate may also graduate as a sergeant and wait for his commission until some officer gets knocked off in battle.

A platoon of diggers on the march. Training takes them on daily 10-, 20- and 30-mile treks.

The officer-enlisted man relationship in the New Zealand Army is much closer than it is in the British Army, not quite so close as in our own. The digger has no respect for his superiors unless they prove themselves, and no one dares question his independence. Many Kiwi enlisted men are independently wealthy. The acting sergeant major who shared my tent here recently owned three farms back home and the smallest was 3,000 acres. He stood 6 feet 1 in height and weighed 250 pounds, so naturally everybody called him "Tiny."

He told me a story about a Kiwi private who burned up when he saw a notice in a bar at a Pacific post which said, "No Enlisted Men Admitted." The very next morning the private took out his checkbook and bought the whole bar outright. And that night he nailed a new sign over the door which read:

"No One Above the Rank of Lance Corporal Admitted."

Such an act of righteous indignation was, Tiny declared, "Fair dinkum go." Higher praise from a Kiwi is hard to find.

Kiwi, symbol of New Zealanders

Lance Bombardier Simpson greases tommy gun

Pvt. Bill Ogsden and Pvt. Henry Burns give a show.

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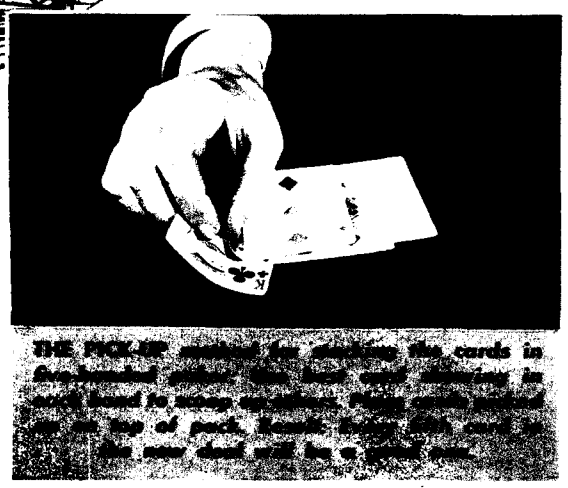
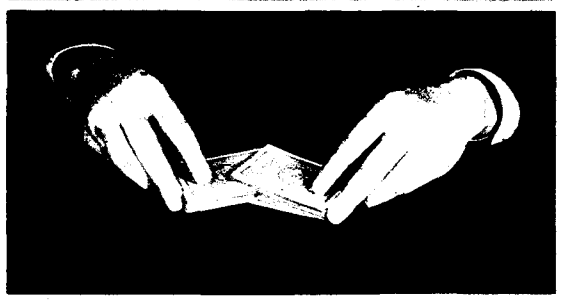
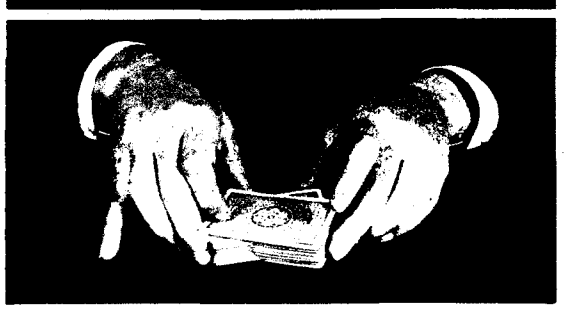
John Scarne, gambling expert, finds plenty of cheating in Army card games — especially by the dealers. In this article he exposes their favorite methods.

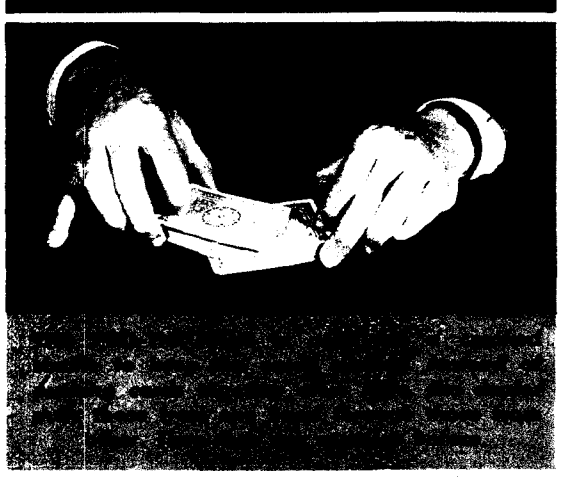
It's in the CARDS



THE PICK-UP method for stacking the cards in







By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

THINK back on the card games you have played recently. Did you hold good cards? If you did, what about the other fellows? Were their cards better, especially when the pot was biggest? A lot of soldiers, sailors and marines must answer "yes" to that last one.

That there is crooked card playing in and around the camps and stations of the armed forces is no secret. But the amount of crookedness might surprise you.

It did surprise John Scarne, the sleight-of-hand and card expert who recently made a tour of Army camps. Scarne found plenty of guys wise in the ways of cards using all kind of tricks to separate GI suckers from their dough. Some of these sharpers were in uniform. Others hung around towns near the camps. Both used the same crooked tricks.

Here Scarne exposes some of the methods sharpers are using to win those piles of soldiers' pay.

Stacking the Deck

Most gamblers cheat by stacking the cards. Stacking means that the gambler knows the location of some cards in the pack. Or he stacks his own hand by slipping the right cards into it at the right moment.

"The idea is wrong," says Scarne, "that when a deck is stacked every card is in a special place and the gambler knows exactly where it is. The gambler does not exist who can riffle a pack and retain every card in his memory. The truth is a smart gambler can clean up by knowing the location of only two or four cards. And you would be amazed what the same guy can do by knowing the location of just *one*."

The Pick-Up method is the sharper's best friend in stacking cards. Imagine you are a gambler, playing poker. The next deal is yours. Five hands showed at the end of the game just ended. Looking them over with a wise eye you see in each hand one card you want to deal yourself in the next game. Let's say you see four jacks and a deuce, one in each of the five hands showing.

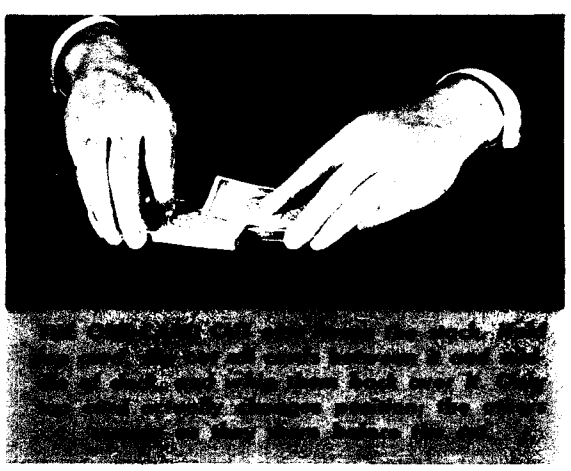
All you have to do is stack the deck so that you will deal these five cards to yourself. Hard? Hell, no—it's simple. As the next dealer you make it your business to pick up the cards on the table. When you do this you pick up separately each of the five hands that showed. Picking them up, you slip the card you want to the bottom of each hand. Then you put all five hands together and place them on top of the pack. When the pack is assembled, the cards you want are numbers 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25.

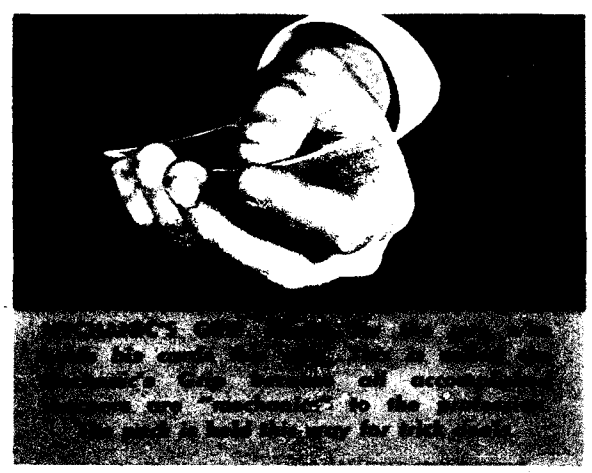
The Shuffle

The cards now are stacked. If you are fifth man in the deal you will get them automatically. If you are a good sharper you will get them no matter how many are in the game. Here's how. Once his cards are stacked the sharper keeps them stacked in spite of the shuffle and the cut. Both of these time-honored devices are calculated to prevent stacking. But they don't stop the smart boys.

The Pull-Through is the trick used in shuffling. In the pictures at the left, the cards have been riffled—the right way, there is no doubt about that. But watch as the dealer prepares to assemble the cards from both his hands. Does he shove them together and then stop, as he should? No. With a quicker-than-the-eye motion he pulls the cards from one hand *through* the cards from the other and whips one bunch back on top of the other.

Although the cards have been shuffled, they really have not changed position at all. They have been reassembled exactly as they were; not





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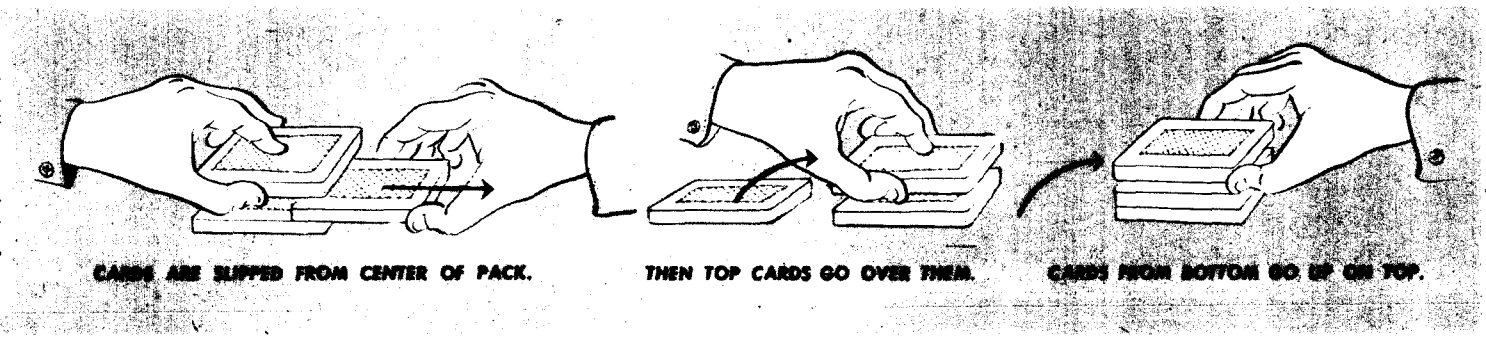
THE SCARNE CUT

IT prevents all stacking, crimping and bottom dealing. Take about a third of the cards from the middle of the deck. Place them on the table. Cut the remaining cards in the regular way, putting the two piles on top of the cards you cut from the middle.



a single card has changed position—it only looks that way.

And the cards are still stacked.

The Cut

After the shuffle comes the cut. This offers more opportunities for trickery than any other single step in a card game. Most common are "crimps" and "shifts." Here are a few:

Crimping for the Cut. The photos of crimping on this page are highly exaggerated. Scarne warns than the crimp left by a good gambler is so slight that the eye can hardly see it, yet is sufficient to make the pack break at that precise spot in nine cuts out of 10, even when the cut is made by an innocent player. When made by the gambler's confederate, the crimp is foolproof.

THERE are other ways of cheating at cards — many of 'em. Those covered here are chiefly concerned with the deal. In an early issue another article will cover cheating during the game. In the meantime, if you have any questions about gambling with dice or cards, write Allen Churchill Y3c, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. He will pass your letter on to John Scarne for expert advice.

How is the crimp used? Say the dealer knows the location of an ace. He may have stacked the cards as he picked them up. He may have glimpsed the ace as he shuffled, an easy trick for an expert dealer. Anyway, he wants the ace in his next hand and he has stacked the deck so that the ace is the sixth card down, where he will automatically deal it to himself.

But the cards still have to be cut. An honest cut would bury the ace in the middle of the pack. So the sharper gives one more shuffle. As he does he crimps the top group of cards, then does a quick cut, bringing them into the center of the pack. When the regular cut is made the cards easily break at the crimp. The same cards come back on top, the ace is still sixth, and one player (at least) is happy.

Or the dealer can use crimps and sleight of hand to slip the cards back after an honest cut. Here's how. Before the cut he crimps the top cards. Then, after the cut, he uses the crimp to break the cards at the right place and slide them back by sleight of hand.

Maybe he does the sleight of hand as he pulls the cards toward him after the cut. Maybe he provides distraction by reaching for a cigar as he shifts the cards under his other arm. Or he may have a confederate who drops something.

The One-Card False Cut requires a confederate who can do sleight of hand. Signaled that the cards are stacked for a one-card cut, the confederate takes the pack in both hands and quickly gives what looks like a simon-pure cut.

But look again. What about that top card? Something funny there. Watch a one-card cut done slowly, and you will see that the confederate holds the top card, pulls out the cards between it and the middle of the deck, and whips them quickly over the No. 1 card, which he still holds stationary. As the pack fits quickly together the No. 1 card is at the bottom of the top half of the cut.

Think that one over. How many cards changed position? Only one — the top card, now in the center of the deck. Aside from this one change, the cards are exactly as they were—stacked.

The Deal

Now the cut is over. And the cards are still stacked. So the sharper must deal the right card to the right guy. This may be himself, his confederate, or even the sucker—who will get a good hand but not too good. If the cards have been stacked in order, so that the right guy automatically gets the right card, the dealer just deals.

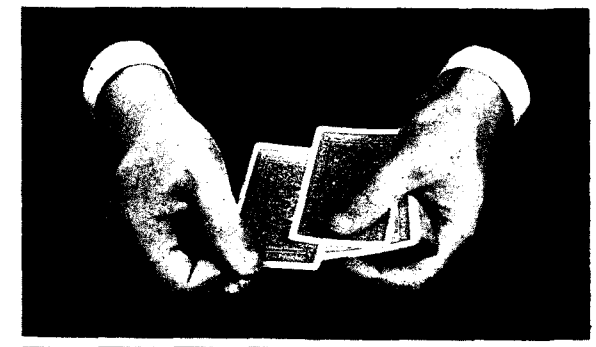
But say the cards are not in the right order. Say the dealer only knows where certain cards are. As he riffled, perhaps he glimpsed an ace four cards down. After the cut he shifts the cards back so that the ace is still fourth card. But the crooked dealer comes sixth in the deal.

To get the ace he can **deal seconds.** That is, he deals the first three cards honestly. The fourth, remember, is the ace, the card he wants himself. When the fourth card comes up he holds it and slips out the card under it, doing it so fast that no one sees it. He deals these seconds until he comes to himself. Then he deals the top card, and the ace is his.

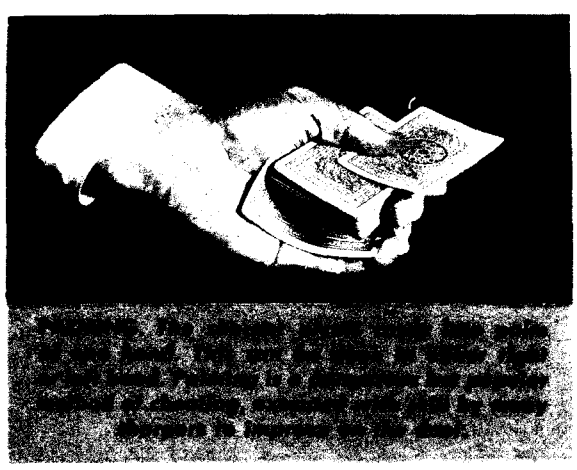
Or, to get the ace in another way, the dealer might **deal bottoms.** He might slip the ace to the bottom of the pack, an easy move for an experienced hand. Then he takes a casual-looking but firm grip on the pack, curving his fingers around the lower half. When his own turn comes the top card is used as a cover, and the bottom card is dealt in its place.

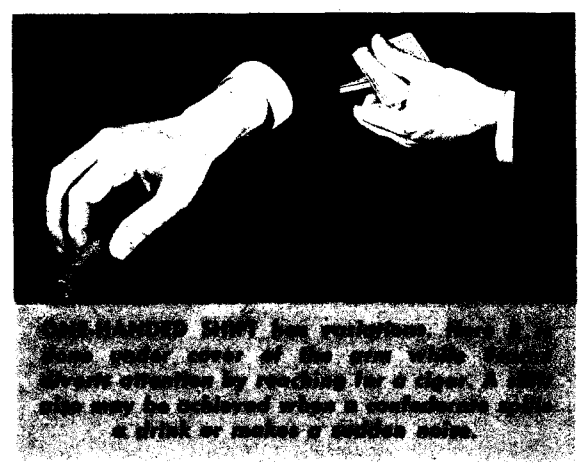
Palming is another method of improving on the deal. Scarne says it is among the commonest cheating methods in use today. Here the desired card or cards are pivoted into the palm of the dealer's hand, then pivoted back in time to win the pot. This is a dangerous method, but a lot of sharpers can do it and do it well.

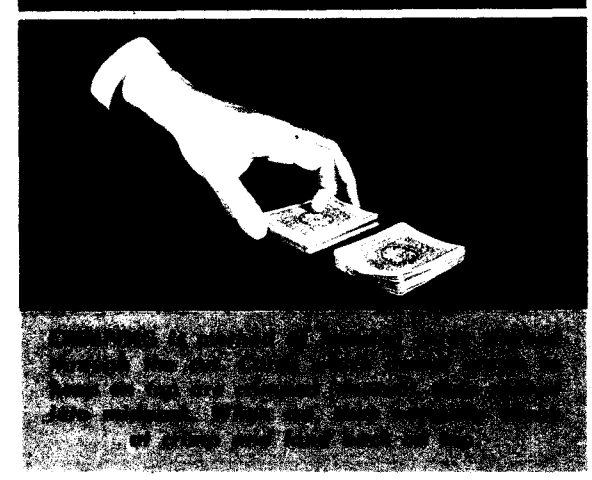
The Cold Deck is even more dangerous but equally prevalent and is easily the most effective method of stacking a deck. Here a whole new pack, stacked ahead of time, is switched in for the deal. Sharpers with fast fingers have cold decks down to an art. In one sleight-of-hand switch, the sharper slips the cold deck out of his pocket into his lap. When he pulls the pack on the table toward him for the deal he quickly drops it into his lap, at the same time whipping the cold pack up in its place. After the deal the old pack is gathered up in a handkerchief usually spread there for the purpose and stuffed away in a pocket. Other methods require an elaborate sneeze while the decks are switched, or a confederate who distracts attention by passing drinks, or—and this is a favorite—a confederate who leans far across the table to ask change for a $20 bill.



SECONDS OR BOTTOMS are dealt by sharper who keeps desired card on top or bottom of deck until he needs it. To hold it on top his expert fingers deal second card out from under. For the bottom deal, bottom card is slipped sideways to take the place of top card.







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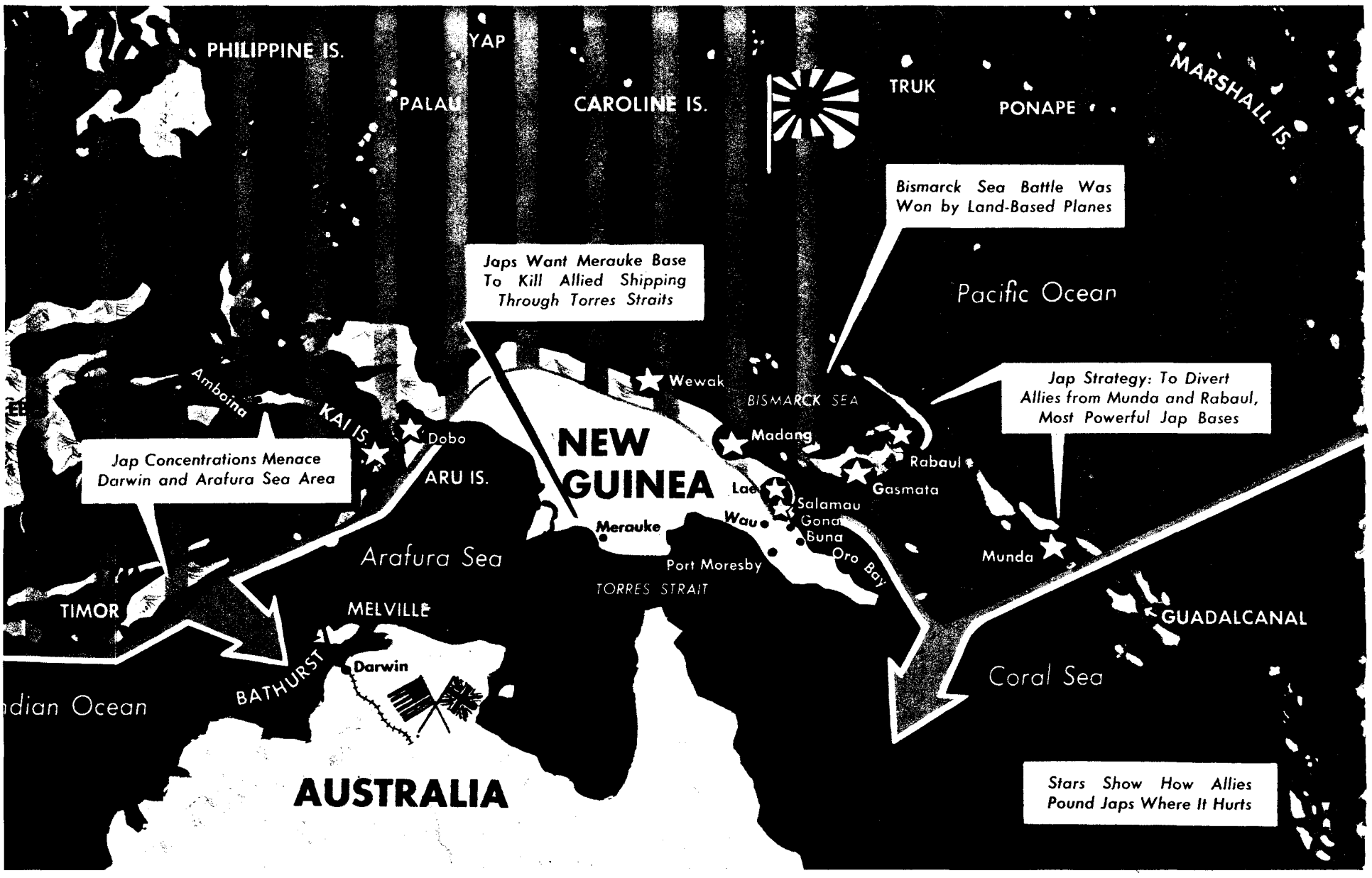

Reinforcement of bases in Dutch East Indies is part of Jap plan to nail down their armed crescent of islands around New Guinea and Australia.

Japs Aim Drive At Northern Australia

And Gen. MacArthur asks for more planes to fight enemy threat in the East Indies.

WHILE fighting raged around Hitler's besieged European fortress, there were signs aplenty that the Japs were becoming active again in the Southwest Pacific.

Twenty-six bombers and 11 fighter planes struck at Wau, Allied airbase in New Guinea close to Jap-held Salamau. Oro Bay, south of Buna, was attacked by 40 enemy planes, and Darwin, on the northwest coast of Australia, suffered two bombing attacks. In one of these, 14 out of 49 Japanese planes were shot down.

An enemy troop convoy approaching the northern coast of New Guinea was attacked by Allied planes and turned back, and two ships attempting to get around New Guinea's south shore were sunk.

What all this activity meant was not clear, but Allied scouting planes brought back reports of a growing concentration of enemy transports and cargo ships in the Amboina-Dobo area, northwest of Australia. Amboina is one of the best harbors and naval bases in the Dutch East Indies and has excellent airfields.

In spite of the Bismarck Sea disaster, where 22 enemy transports and warships were sunk with a loss of 15,000 Japanese troops, Tojo's men were still able to keep punching.

Most logical explanation of the enemy concentration in the Indies area was that the Japs were trying to divert Allied planes from Munda and Rabaul, most powerful Jap bases in the Southwest Pacific. It was from Rabaul that the enemy made its desperate attempts to reinforce its hard-pressed troops in northern New Guinea.

Outright invasion of Australia is out of the question for the Japs; they do not have sufficient shipping to risk the attacks of Gen. MacArthur's land-based planes. However, Merauke, on the southern coast of New Guinea, is tempting bait. Only 425 miles from Port Moresby and 180 miles from the Torres Straits through which Allied shipping en route to Darwin must pass, Merauke in the hands of the enemy would be a serious threat to the Americans and Aussies.

Although outnumbered by the enemy, Allied planes were taking terrific toll of the Japs. They struck at Dobo, creating great destruction, and roamed the Arafura Sea searching in vain for a reported convoy that apparently had been warned of the planes' approach. At the same time, not allowing themselves to be diverted by the Jap activity in the northwest, Allied planes blasted Munda for the 90th time, scored with 329 bombs on Rabaul and raided Gasmata.

From Wau, Allied planes made continuous raids on enemy positions in northern New Guinea at Lae, Salamau, Wewak, Finschafen and Madang.

It was because so much had been done with so little that Gen. MacArthur had sent the commander of his air forces, Lt. Gen. George C. Kenny, and his chief of staff, Maj. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, to Washington to ask for more planes. There was no question that brilliant maneuvering on the part of the Allies had given them victory over a numerically superior foe.

Gen. MacArthur has been a year in Australia. Scarred with the defeats at Bataan and Corregidor, he had rallied the Allied forces and pushed the Japs back in New Guinea when they had come to within 30 miles of Port Moresby. Coordinating his air forces with ground troops in brilliant thrusts, he drove the enemy back to its present precarious holds on the northern coast of New Guinea.

To military experts it was obvious that, given the planes, MacArthur could create havoc with the enemy. It was also obvious that limited Allied material could not hold out forever against the growing Jap concentration of power in the East Indies.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Sgt. George Aarons. 2, Sgt. Peter Paris. 3, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 4, top, Acme; bottom, Cpl. John R. Evans. 5, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 6 & 7, Sgt. John Bushemi. 8 & 9, Cpl. Dick Hanley. 12 & 13, Bushemi. 16, 20th Century-Fox. 17, top left, MGM; bottom left, RKO Radio; right, INP. 20, top left, PA; top right, Acme. 21, left, WW; right, Acme. 23, PA.

Do Your Folks Know Your Proper Address?

A LOT of the squawks about mail delivery are not the fault of the APO.

For example, the New York APO gets 35,000 letters a day that are NOT properly addressed. It takes weeks to hunt up the proper person, and a lot of that mail has to be returned to sender.

You can help plenty by notifying the home folks of change of address, and insist that to get mail to you promptly they must address you with your NAME, SERIAL NUMBER, RANK, SERVICE ORGANIZATION and APO number.

If everybody did that, few letters would go astray. Here's how the proper address should read:

RANK NAME SERIAL NUMBER
SERVICE ORGANIZATION
APO NUMBER

If the home folks put all that on a letter, you'll probably get it promptly. But it's up to you to let them know.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 42
APR. 9, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

GIVE SOLDIERS—AND THE APO—A BREAK

BECAUSE of confusion in the present Army Postal Service rules for shipment of mail and packages to overseas soldiers, YANK proposes several changes in the APO regulations.

These changes, YANK believes, would simplify the present very tough job of the APO and cut down boat space, and they would make the overseas soldier a lot happier.

These proposed changes will be found in a box at the right, and YANK recommends them to the attention of the Army Postal Service.

YANK has been flooded lately with letters from overseas soldiers asking why they may no longer get packages, home-town papers, magazines, cigarettes and large items from the folks back home.

New regulations, which went into effect Jan. 15, prevent the home folks from sending bulk packages and reading matter except where the soldier sends home a list stating exactly what he needs, and this list is okayed by his CO in writing. In no case can the package go over 5 pounds.

This was amended slightly two months later to allow 8-ounce packages to be sent without a CO's approval by first-class mail, so you can get a wrist watch or other light merchandise without any red tape. Another change now lets you get magazine subscriptions renewed by the home folks without written authority from you.

The chief squawk of soldiers is that there is no restriction on sailors, so why should there be on soldiers? The reason is that Navy personnel gets its mail at shore stations mainly, and overseas stuff is carried in the Navy's own fighting ships, so that no commercial cargo space is involved, whereas every ounce of soldier mail goes by cargo vessel or by air. Cargo ships, as everybody knows, are scarce.

TYPICAL of the many squawks sent to YANK over the APO situation is one from the South Pacific. It is signed by 11 men, and it seems to make sense. It says: "That the Army has post exchanges around all the camps to supply their men with the things they need is a gross misstatement. We have one where we are stationed but we are lucky if we can get a bar of soap now and then, while the Navy drinks Coca-Colas and beer. (We don't even get a smell of a beer cap.) Maybe we are wrong about the whole thing, but we would like to know if there is any good reason why they shouldn't restrict everybody and not just part of them?"

Another letter, from Alaska, says: "A buddy of mine who is from Pennsylvania has a sister who wrote him she could not send a package because he is in foreign service. But if he were a sailor or marine she could send him a package. Is that fair to soldiers?"

To prove that the beefing is widespread, a corporal in North Africa writes that he is unable to get clippings from home-town newspapers because of the new restrictions. He asks for a change in regulation so that newspaper stories can be pasted on V-Mail forms. This is not practical, however, as the V-Mail mechanism is so delicate that even 1/1000th of an inch of raised surface will jam the machinery.

A soldier in New Guinea points out that the regulations assume that soldiers can get cigarettes from overseas PXs, therefore home folks can't ship cigarettes except at the request of a CO. But it takes months to mail that CO's okay home and then get smokes shipped to a place like New Guinea. Meanwhile many men out there are doing without cigarettes. He asks if that's sensible. We don't think it is, either.

YANK took all these questions asked by soldiers down to the Army Postal Service headquarters in Washington to find out just what the score is. They gave YANK an honest answer, opening up a file of previously restricted data to prove that the regulations were urgently necessary. Here's the answer:

The mails were getting so flooded with parcels, papers and useless junk that important mail couldn't get through. In one APO alone there was a whole warehouse full of papers, all incorrectly addressed. Thousands of cartons of cigarettes were being shipped to places like England where cigarettes are readily available. Razor blades, shoes and sox were being shipped to Hawaii, where the PXs have been long established. Men were getting silly third-class circulars by the thousands stating that there was a suit sale at the old store back home, or letting them know what was on at the local movie house; and collection agencies were sending old bills and demanding payment.

To carry all the mail in November 1942 took the equivalent of three 11,000-ton Liberty ships. With soldiers going overseas at the present rate, volume of mail by the end of 1943 would require 25 ships a month, carrying nothing but mail. Frankly, there just aren't that many ships. Shipping is one of the biggest problems of the war. And you can't load a ship with mail exclusively. Mail is too light in weight, so part of each mail-carrying ship must be ballasted with heavy cargo.

The new regulations were designed to speed important mail on its way by eliminating useless stuff, cutting down the time of handling what was left, and avoiding duplications.

Take the case of razor blades. Hundreds of packages of them were sent by the home folks to the South Pacific, where they arrived too rusty for use. The Army was providing special tropical rust-proof blades which could be shipped in carefully packed cartons, saving much space.

Take cigarettes. Twenty percent of all the packages that went overseas before the new restrictions were cigarettes. Wrapped in single cartons, they took up more space than cigarettes the Army was shipping in compact, bulk packages.

Take magazines and books. The Army has supplied thousands of books and magazines to overseas operations. Why duplicate this effort?

The catch is that these restrictions solve the difficulty in most places but are strictly snafu in others. Maybe the PX hasn't been set up yet in some overseas installations. Maybe one never will be set up. Maybe the Special Service library hasn't reached its destination yet. To get around this obvious difficulty, the regulations allow men to get what they need from home. They can ask for specific items, with the okay of their CO. If you don't have cigarettes at your HQ, the CO lets you get them from home. But this takes more time than anybody figured and there has been a lot of misunderstanding.

SO what started out to be a fair, efficient way of solving a very tough mail delivery problem has bogged down in some cases through no fault of anybody. It's just one of those things.

The APO recognizes that a letter from home is the best tonic a soldier can get. The new regulation was supposed to speed essential mail, but to cut out letters from "lonely heart" clubs, a lot of useless advertising matter, and stale cookies.

But with 20 million pieces of mail leaving this country each week for overseas (four times as much mail per man as in the last war), the transportation problem is terrific. As for magazines and newspapers, the regulation now says you can have any you want, by subscription, without approval of your CO, but you have to ask for them. This is to make sure that you get what you want, and not *Reader's Digest* if you prefer *Superman Comics*, or vice versa.

By cutting down useless stuff, essential shipments are speeded. Elimination of 20,000 post cards advertising a sale of zoot suits at McCloskey's leaves room for 20,000 letters from Ma and Doris. Elimination of one 5-pound box of candy which is moldy when it reaches you leaves room for 60 packages of sulfadiazine, or 50 rounds of ammunition, or one rifle, or three bayonets, or 10 snake-bite medical kits.

YANK believes that immediate adoption of its proposed changes in the regulations would give a fair break to everybody without going back to the old system.

If YANK's proposed modifications are accepted by the Army Postal Service, YANK will seek the cooperation of all soldier papers in requesting that soldiers do not abuse their privilege to get items from home.

YANK Wants These Changes In Overseas Mail Regulations

Modify the rule on mailing of packages as follows:

1. ELIMINATE the need for CO's endorsement on items a soldier wants. Put the soldier on his honor not to ask for stuff he can get locally; but keep the present size and weight limits which say no one package can be heavier than 5 pounds, or more than 15 inches in length, or more than 36 inches in length and breadth.

REQUIRE the home folks to show the postmaster the soldier's request for whatever he needs, *plus the envelope in which the request was made.* This would prevent anybody faking a request, since the envelope would bear an APO cancellation stamp and be positive proof the request came from overseas.

DO NOT LIMIT what the soldier may ask for. (If he wants an angel-food cake of less than 5 pounds' weight let him ask for it.)

2. CONFINE first-class mail to V-Mail wherever it is in operation with *one* exception, thus taking most first-class letters off boats entirely. If everybody uses V-Mail it will get to its destination a lot quicker. Letters would thus be cut to one page in length but the home folks might be encouraged to write oftener. EXCEPTION: Keep the present rule that up to 8 ounces may be sent by the homefolks without asking anybody's permission. This stuff, delivered by boat, would include newspaper clippings, wrist watches, etc.

Where V-Mail is NOT in operation, make everybody write first-class letters on V-Mail forms. This eliminates the envelope and if all the letters are the same shape, they can be packed more easily than at present.

PREVENT V-Mail forms from being used by advertisers or anybody making more than a *single* copy of a letter. Then nobody can jam the V-Mail by putting V-Mail forms on a printing press and turning out thousands of copies of junk.

3. CLARIFY the rule on shipment of money. Every APO is equipped with money order facilities abroad, every postoffice is similarly equipped at home. Soldiers should be urged, for their own protection, but not compelled, to use money orders where cash is involved. Where soldiers do not have APO money order facilities handy, they be allowed to mail currency under the rule that allows an 8-ounce package by first-class mail to be sent either to soldiers or from soldiers to homefolks.

4. KEEP the rule throwing out all third-class and circular matter except newspaper subscriptions actually asked for by the soldier and paid for by him or by somebody who knows he wants such papers. (Clippings would still come under the 8-ounce rule which requires no request.)

5. KEEP the rule as it stands on second-class mail. This lets you subscribe to any magazine you want or lets the homefolks subscribe for you without the CO's permission. All you have to do is ask somebody to subscribe for you, and put the dough on the line.

6. KEEP the rule that prohibits civilians from writing to soldiers they don't know personally. This prevents phony exploitation of soldiers by spies, husband-hunters and advertisers, and cuts down volume of mail enormously.

7. KEEP the present rule for soldiers sending packages to the folks back home. Ship space is not so tight on the homeward trip.

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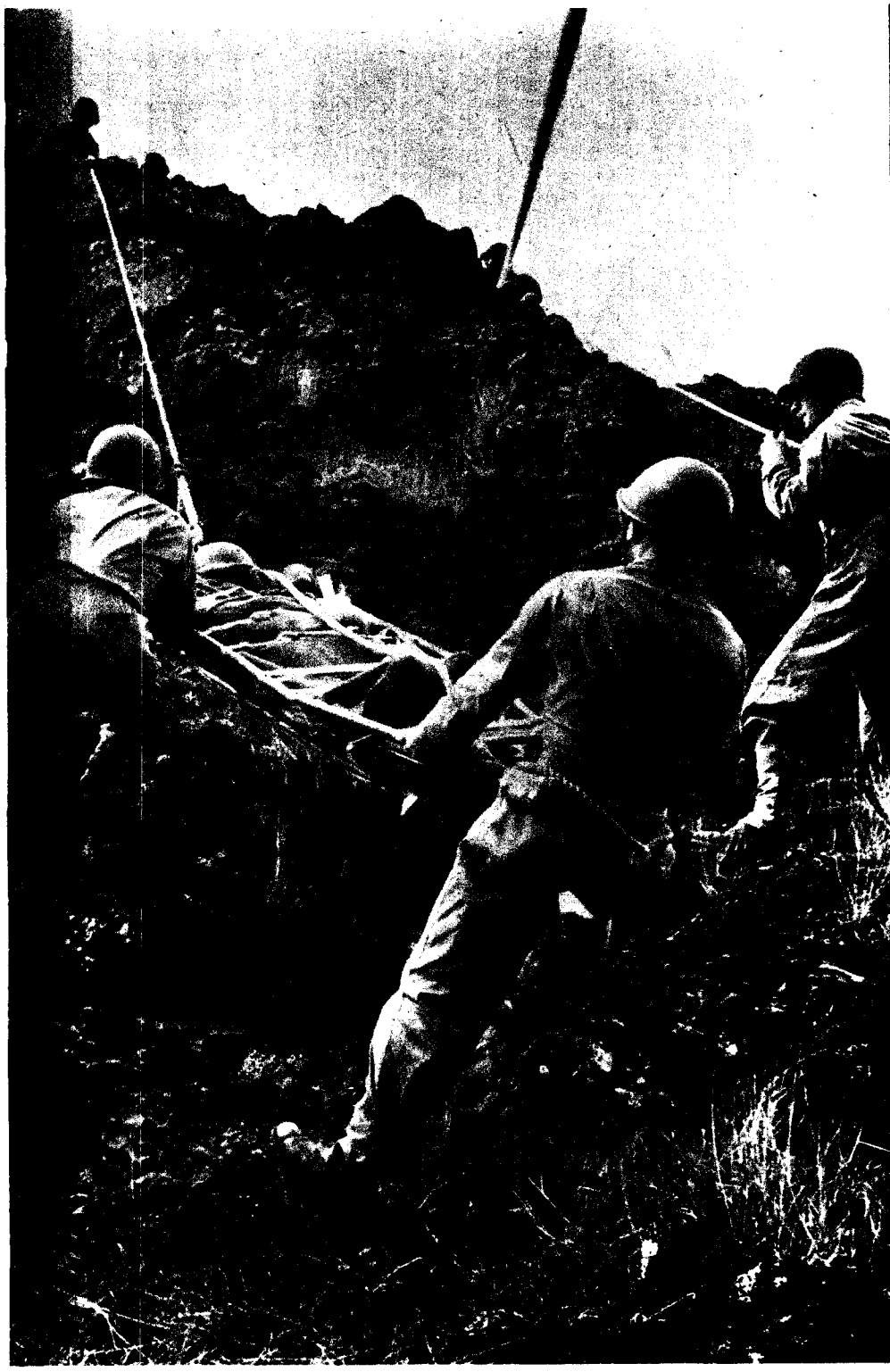
The Medical Commandos prepare ropes and a basket litter for a demonstration rescue. A short 1,000-foot drop is to be used.

Ropes have been carefully knotted to lower the man who is to be "rescued" later. He takes a first look before being let down.



Men have descended with the basket litter. With the patient in the litter, the lieutenant (right) blows whistle for the pull-up.

Medical Commandos

THESE pages show Norway's Mountain Rescue Corps in action. The tough outfit has a 24-man training group, and almost half the trainees fail to make the grade. The medical men learn to handle climbing gear, first aid, and sometimes even bandage their own and a wounded man.

A dozen or more tough medicos are needed to haul the litter up the mountain slope. Each man wears a pair of GI gloves to save

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A soldier is on his way down to the spot where the "injured" man will be found and rescued. The way in which the rope is tied to him is of great importance. A loose knot might cost his life. There is also danger on these mountain slopes of starting an avalanche.

his hands from rope burns. These haulers have to be as careful as the men handling the litter. They must pull slowly and evenly, avoiding jerks.

With the patient hauled to the summit, the rescue is completed. The litter is tied to a jeep for a quick trip to an Army hospital.

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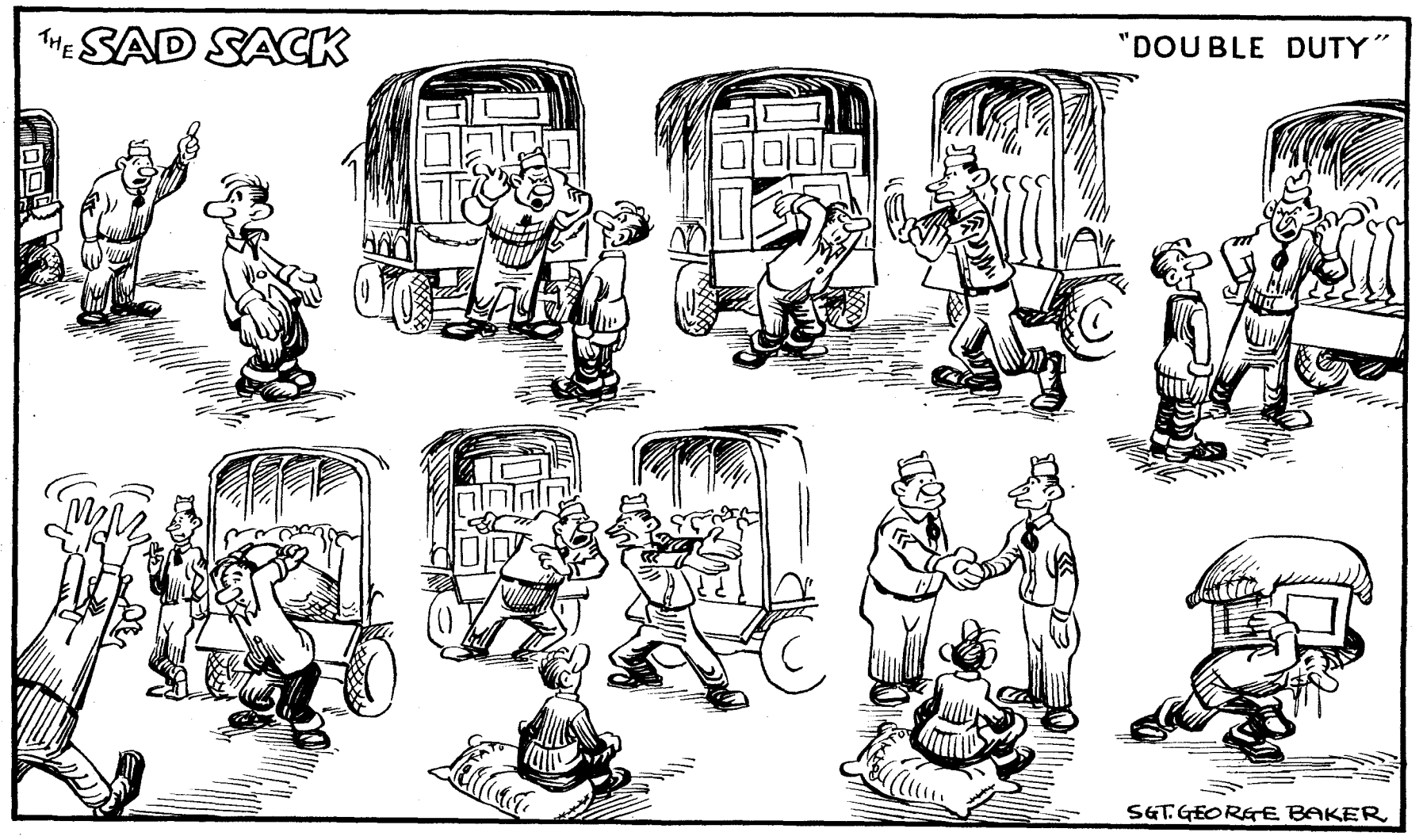


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

MAYTAG CHARLEY

[**Editor's Note:** Actually, there were several Maytag Charleys during the six months of battle on Guadalcanal. Just after the demise of one of them, a soldier wrote a poem commemorating the event.]

Douglas, Vought-Sikorsky, Bell,
All make planes that sound so well;
But the Japanese, strange as it seems,
Make planes that sound like washing machines.

On an island in the Coral Sea
That we took from the Japanese,
From it comes a story of
A guy called Maytag Charley.

Every night about 10:15
The air-raid siren used to scream.
Up would go the searchlight's beam
And in flew Maytag Charley.

Now this guy Charley flew so high
That he could never score a hit,
And then one night we set a trap
And sure enough, Charley bit.

He saw the lights and came down low;
The antiaircraft guns let go.
You could hear the blast in Tokyo,
And down came Maytag Charley.

—**Pvt. FRANK ELLIS**

Guadalcanal

THE ASSIGNMENT OF TWINS

Has our Army so backslid
That twins are parted? God forbid.
They grew together in the womb;
Shall they be parted in the tomb?
Be theirs assignment to one station,
Be theirs a single destination;
Provided that they so desire,
And if to this their hearts aspire.

If other things are equal, then
Do not separate the men.
For one and one are always two,
Except with twins, and then it's true
That one and one are always one,
By War Department sanction.
Born at one birth and from one mother,
A twin is closer than a brother.

They suckled at the selfsame time,
To part them is almost a crime.
Dandled and diapered alike,
Shall one twin fly and one twin hike?
Shall one footslog in the Infantry,
And the other ride in the Cavalry?
If one goes to a distant border,
The other goes, by special order.

Their features bear the selfsame stamp—
Then let them have a single camp.
If the twain be identical,
Their paths should always parallel.
Six of one twin to his brother
Is half a dozen of the other.
Though East be East and West be West,
The same emotion stirs each breast.

The same blood pulses through each heart—
And never the twain from twin shall part.
Let twin cry to his mirror-youth
As to Naomi promised Ruth,
"Whither thou goest, I shall go
By order of General Ulio;
We shall together serve the nation
By War Department dispensation."

—**Sgt. GRANT SANDERS**

Camp Shelby, Miss.

JAP COINS

He held them in his hand.
He fingered them smiling, then he said,
"Jap coins. Tinny things. Three of them.
A pal sent them. Great guy. Name's Red.
"These are from Guadalcanal.
See—here's the letter.
Look at those three things—tinny things,
Ain't they? Ours are a whole lot better."

Yeh, tinny. I held them.
Light—like aluminum or tin, I suppose.
Fujiyama on the back with the Rising Sun above,
And what it said, God only knows.

I looked at them; three coins—tinny things:
An epitaph for one more Jap now dead.

—**1st Sgt. LUMAN S. NUTTER**

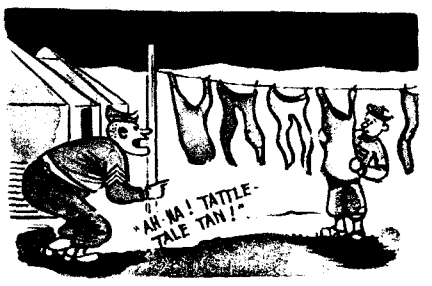
Fort Taylor, Fla.

ODE TO OD.

SOLDIERS WILL GET OLIVE DRAB UNDIES— *Newspaper Headline.*

No more we'll hail our snowy undies
Hanging from our lines on Mondays.

Farewell to doughboys clad in white
Shirts and shorts; they're much too light.



Now olive drab will camouflage
Us from the enemy's barrage.

So proudly hail our OD undies
Hanging from our lines on Mondays.

—**Sgt. JACK HARIG**

HQ VII Air Corps, Jacksonville, Fla.

WHY I GET KP

If the sergeant says, "Fix bayonets!"
he means the words he spoke,
And doesn't like your answer when
you holler, "Mine ain't broke!"

When he says to you, "Sling rifles!"
and you throw yours a mile,
Do you wonder why the poor old
sergeant never wants to smile?

"Order arms," he told us yesterday,
so like a crazy guy
I went and ordered a pistol from the
boys at the supply.

I'm always in hot water and always
in a rut,
And I'd be a better dogface if I'd
keep my big mouth shut.

—**Sgt. ROBERT J. EVANS**

New York

CONVOY

The trucks move
Over the convolutions of the land,
Militarizing the valleys,
Rubbering up the hills;
Spaced like the teeth on a gear
They roll with their cargo.

Under the canvas and the ribs
Of the machines,
Tight on the wooden benches,
Rifles held at vertical,
Are the men.

Battlers with a woman or an idea
Or a maneuver whirling
In the cell structures of their brains,
Aching for the lightning of battle
And the hard reward of peace.
Khaki-wrapped, metal-topped:
Strength on the highway.

—**Pvt. NORMAN SAK**

Fort Devens, Mass.

REALITY

As I lie here on my lonely bunk,
I hear a failing bugle call.
It leaves as softly as it came,
And now there is no sound at all.

By God, I wish that I were home,
Amid the city's roar—
The newsboys' shouts, the subways' shrieks,
The crowds in Macy's store.

And now I hear another call:
This one's not soft, but shrill.
And then I hear that familiar yell:
"Okay, fall out for drill!"

—**Pvt. GEORGE KRIEGSMAN**

England

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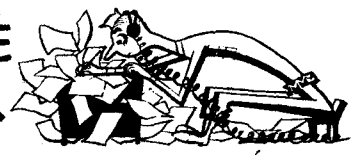
MESSAGE CENTER



Pvt. Robert White, Med. Det., Post Hospital, Camp Crowder, Mo., invites all men in the services interested in playing correspondence chess to contact him. . . . **Pvt. Walter Tomaszak,** Cas. Det. No. 1, Camp Livingston, La., wants to get in touch with **Pvt. Alex Chekowitz** who was wounded and now is in a hospital in Australia. . . . Will the following men write to **Pfc. Bradley McDonald,** Co. K, 163d Inf., APO 41, PM, San Francisco: **Pvt. Leland Petterson,** Camp Tocca, Ga.; **George Wirfs,** Honolulu; and **Dick Kremar,** Oahu? . . . **Cpl. Harold Pierce,** New Guinea: "Hi, Harold, I have been in since June. Juanita wrote asking about you. How about a letter my way?"—**Pvt. A. M. Thompson,** Co. I, 505 Parachute Inf., 82d Airborne Div., APO 469, Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . **Pvt. Nathan Cohen,** Hq. Co. 14th Inf., APO 829, PM, New Orleans, La., has some news for **Pvt. William Lox** and **Sgt. Georgie Sullivan.** . . . **Cpl. Paul Luy,** DEML, SCU 1918, Camp Beale, Calif., would like to hear from **Clyde Rowley,** formerly of Everett, Wash. . . . **S/Sgt. Garland I. Eastlick,** 333d TEFTS, Williams Field, Ariz., would like word from **Chester R. Carson** who he thinks enlisted in the Med. Corps at Vancouver, Wash., April 1941. . . . **Lt. Arthur T. Wadlin:** "We haven't heard from you in quite some time. Our address is the same, so let fly with some pen and ink."— **Dave Barry** and **Harry Saltzman,** 940 Ord. HM Co., APO 860, PM, N. Y. . . . **2d Lt. Joseph F. Darnell** wants to hear from his old first sergeant, **Fred Schroeder.** Darnell's address is 382 Bomb Gr. Sqdrn., Davis Monthan Field, Ariz. . . . **Pvt. Carl Harp,** Hq. Btry. 24th CA Bn., APO 863, PM, N. Y., is paging **M/Sgt. Carmen Rossi.** . . . **Cpl. Carl Hessel,** Troop A, 3d Recon. Sqdn., Fort Bliss, Tex., has an urgent message from "F.F." to pass on to **Pvt. William Michkey** of Gardenville, N. Y. . . . **Robert Wesley Featherstone,** N. Africa: "Don't forget the date, Aug. 1, 1947; the place, Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tenn.; the question, North versus South."—**A/C John M. Becht,** Sqdrn. 107, AAFCC, SAACC, San Antonio, Tex. . . . **1st Sgt. Leon S. Delaizer,** please communicate immediately with **1st Sgt. Luther J. McCarthy,** Btry. C, 465th (AAA) Auto Wepns. Bn., Camp Davis, N. C.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Illenberg *Hartman* *Conley*

S/Sgt. Kenneth Illenberg, 6th Airways Det., APO 695, PM, N. Y., sends congratulations to T/Sgt. Billie Gribble for receiving the Soldiers' Medal and adds, "Keep up the good work and write." . . . **Irvin E. Hartman Y3c,** San Juan, Puerto Rico, wants to say hello to Seaman Phil Goodman who is studying radio at Noroton Heights, Conn. "I hope you'll land that aviation radio job," he says, "and then I hope they send you down here. . . . **Alden Conley Pr3c** of Morganton, N. C., sends greetings to his cousin Jim Conley, who is from the same town and now is serving with the Army in the S. Pacific.

Lettieri *Warner* *Murphy*

Cpl. Victor Lettieri, stationed in Panama, sends this message to Sgt. Edward Dugan somewhere in N. Africa: "Give Mussolini's stooges hell for me. We Irishmen have got to stick together." . . . **Pfc. Howard Warner,** a Signal Corps photographer at a N. Atlantic base, has a message for Norman Jackson, a Navy photographer somewhere in the Pacific: "Have you shot any cheesecake lately? If so, send me a set of glossies." . . . **Pvt. William J. Murphy** of Philadelphia, Pa., sends greetings to Jack Lee, who is with the Army Air Forces overseas, and asks him to write him: Serv. Co., 33rd Inf., APO 869, PM, N.Y.C.

Wing *Iverson* *Partington*

Cpl. Harold Wing of Jewell, Iowa, population 1,051, now somewhere in the N. Atlantic, wants to remind Pvt. James Link that he lent him 10 bucks at Fort Monmouth, N. J. "I sure would like to hear from you," Wing adds. . . . **Sgt. Hal Iverson,** Btry. A, 259th Sep. CA Bn., APO 502, PM, San Francisco, hopes his brother, who may be in Iceland, will see this and then write to him. . . . **Sgt. Jack Partington** of New York, now at a N. Atlantic base, says: "Hello, Jack Grinnelli. How about that ping-pong game we never finished? I still think I could have beaten you. Don't forget that lunch date at the Automat when this is over."

Gilbert *Spiller* *Kazma*

Cpl. Albert H. Gilbert, a pay-roll clerk in Hawaii, has this to say to his friend, Pvt. Harry Ragsdale: "Genevieve tells me you're expecting a furlough. Stop by there and say hello for me, but don't stay too long: I'm the guy that's married to her." . . . **S/Sgt. Matty Spiller,** Hq. and Hq. Co., Base Sect. 4, APO 924, PM, San Francisco, wants Pvt. Jerry Albom, somewhere in England, to write. . . . **Sgt. Leo Kazma** has been soldiering in Panama for the last year. To his pal, Cpl. Joe Stevens, somewhere in Australia, he says: "Guess you'll get this letter by Kangaroo pouch. *Que pas, amigo?* The lingo is easy when you're almost a native."

Dear YANK:
In a March issue of YANK, Pvt. Henry Demchuk wanted a picture of a soldier who used an umbrella in camp. Well, Demchuk, we don't know what you are up to, but here's one. And about that business of "does he use it in camp?"—have you ever been on Cape Cod?

—**S/Sgt. W. S. HOLMES**
Camp Edwards, Mass.

. . . in the Chinese Army, which I saw in action from 1937 to 1939, umbrellas are frequently issued. They don't look so funny to a rain-soaked Chinese "BA" private, either.

—**Pvt. WALTER B. SMITH**
Air Depot, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Dear YANK:
This is the story of a couple of GI Joes who have had a faster whirl than the Coney Island Carousal. We have never been paid in American money. In our first three months in the Army we were in three foreign countries—Ireland, Scotland and England—after seeing all of the U.S. in three weeks. Who said join the Navy and see the world?

—**Pvts. LEON HELLER and VINCENT POLITO**
England

Dear YANK:
In a March issue of YANK was a picture of a machine-gun emplacement at Buna. I noticed the machine gun is the .30-caliber light machine gun and the paragraph says it is the .50-caliber. I had quite an argument with one of my mates. Was I right in saying it is a .30-caliber? We Seabees read YANK as much as any other branch of the service, and I have wondered if you have ever heard of the construction battalions.

—**JAY W. McGRANAHAN S1/c**
Camp Peary, Va.

. . . I have worked on both .30- and .50-caliber guns. I think that this one in the picture is a .30-caliber machine gun.

—**Pvt. ROBERT STEIN**
Fort Jackson, S. C.

. . . That sure as hell looks like a .30-caliber to me. . . . From a faithful reader of YANK who will soon be there. I'm only a kitten now (3 months), but boy, what a tiger I will be when I get there.

—**Pvt. MATTHEW SIECZKOWSKI**
Fort Benning, Ga.

. . . I think it's a grand idea to put wooden guns on top of the congressional buildings but don't tell us that the GIs in Buna are using a .50-caliber MG when the picture shows a .30-caliber MG? How about having a regular art page in YANK about literature, music, painting, etc.?

Camp Hood, Tex. —**Pvt. PAUL ATTERMAN**

■ It was a .30-caliber, all right, and YANK should have known better.

Dear YANK:
I have just read your editorial "For Enlisted Men Only." I hope your decision does not mean officers may not continue to subscribe to YANK even if we cannot contribute anything, "even poetry." I promise not to offer any contributions in the future and you have my permission not to use the ones I have *not* contributed in the past. But please keep each issue rolling along.

—**Maj. WILLIAM P. DIX**
HQ, AAF, Washington, D. C.

Dear YANK:
I think your decision to bar contributions from officers and not use them as reporters is a good idea, just as long as I am still able to buy my copy each week. Keep it a paper "By the Men—For the Men," and we officers should do all we can to help you make it stay that way. We always have enlisted men under us just as smart as ourselves and can use them to voice our opinions to other enlisted men much more effectively than we ourselves. I think the officers should use that method for contribution to the paper. I am a booster for YANK for new soldiers as I am a basic instructor in a replacement training center, and in my work I think the paper is my best training aid. It gives us first-hand information by the men who are in the fight.

—**2d Lt. JAMES D. BROOKS**
Camp Crowder, Mo.

■ Officers may continue to subscribe; the "no" just applies to contributions.

Dear YANK:
In a recent issue of YANK I read in "Mail Call" of the large hands that Sgt. Joseph Fabus Jr. possesses. His hands aren't exactly the smallest in the world but mine are larger. My measurements are: thumb, 3⅞ inches; second finger, 4⅝ inches; across palm, 5½ inches; from wrist to end of fingers, 9¾ inches. I can bounce a basketball and catch it as it comes up with my palm downward in either my left or right hand. I had a write-up in the Associated Press in January 1939.

Fort Benning, Ga. —**O/C WM. R. KOUNTER**

Dear YANK:
The boys of this regiment would like to know if there will be a war bonus when the war is over. Also will a soldier given a MD get a pension?

Seattle, Wash. —**S/Sgt. HARMON BYRD**

■ No bonus has been provided as yet for the men participating in the second World War. However, a bill is under consideration which, if passed, will pay a war bonus to men for six months after they have been discharged from the Army, or until they have been rehabilitated. Answer to your second question: Payments are made to anyone discharged in line of duty.

Dear YANK:
Well, fellows, it's like this. If you're going to have sports news at all, keep it accurate. There's nothing so useless as inaccurately written sports. All this leads up to a sporting proposition for Sgt. Polier. In his column on the Kentucky Derby he mentions a 3-year-old, which he claims Col. Winn might favor for the event, named Slide Blue. The bet I want to make with the sergeant has nothing to do with the outcome of the Derby. My proposition is: I will give a month's pay to the Red Cross if such a horse exists among the eligible 3-year-olds. Let the sergeant do likewise if no such horse exists. Perhaps Sgt. Polier was thinking of Slide Rule, a horse with roughly the chance of a snowball in Guadalcanal.

—**Pvt. DON M. MANKIEWICZ**
Camp Knight, Calif.

■ No bet here. Sgt. Polier was wrong. The horse in question is named Slide Rule.

Dear YANK:
I want to dispute the Fort Logan yardbird's assertion [in an October issue of YANK] that he's the first to receive the new rating PFD—Private For Duration. Our boys have been nominating each other for PFD since late August or early September at Camp Kilmer, N. J. Any argument from anyone else?

Eritrea —**T/Sgt. A. C. SUTULA**

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Hollywood — Know anyone seven feet tall? If you do, tell him MGM wants him to play Ursus the Eunuch in the new film, "Quo Vadis." . . . The Office of War Information has asked the draft deferment of eight movie stars, claiming they are essential as civilians. They are Kay Kyser, Bob Hope, Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Lanny Ross, Red Skelton, Freeman Gosden (Amos of Amos 'n' Andy) and Harold Pary (the Great Gildersleeve). . . . Lt. (jg) Robert Montgomery has been upped to a lieutenant commander. . . . Myrna Loy has quit the screen; says she'd been getting "distasteful" roles. . . . MGM will produce "The Hangman," based on the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich and the rape of the Czech town of Lidice. John Carradine will have the title part.

Myrna Loy

Here and There—Wallace Beery is observing his 35th year in pictures by vacationing in Mexico City. . . . Militza (Gorgeous) Korjus is singing there. . . . Unable to get hotel accommodations during a one-night stand at Dayton, Ohio, Jan Savitt's orchestra slept on the stage of the Colonial Theater. . . . Yvonne, a Broadway strip teaseur, is taking off her clothes in Guatemala City now. . . . And Georgette, an old favorite at Minsky's, is waving her G string around in Panama City. . . . Jan Garber and the Three Stooges are reported feuding over who should get top billing in a San Francisco show. . . . The Variety Club, a Chicago night spot, has Ladies' Night every Wednesday. No men allowed. . . . Ellen Drew is entertaining GIs in London.

Ellen Drew

TEE-TOTAL

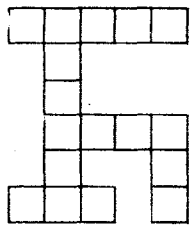
PRIZES are given to the GIs who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each competition. If you haven't taken a whack at this word game, try it now. It's easy—and you may win one of YANK's Puzzle Kits containing a super-dooper collection of tricks, puzzles and games. Names and scores of winners will be published.

Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with five good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 17 letters used, giving each letter a numerical value as shown on the chart. The idea is to use letters of high value.

A sample workout is shown at the left with a score of 274. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A — 12	N — 14
B — 22	O — 18
C — 25	P — 23
D — 13	Q — 6
E — 11	R — 20
F — 10	S — 5
G — 26	T — 1
H — 15	U — 19
I — 21	V — 7
J — 8	W — 24
K — 9	X — 4
L — 16	Y — 3
M — 17	Z — 2



Score: . . . . . *Submitted by*

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. [4-2-43]

Anne Baxter

The dainty little thing on the opposite page is rated a sure bet for stardom by Hollywood and her growing army of admirers. Her latest picture is 20th Century-Fox's "Crash Dive."

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

By Sgt. IRVING L. FIELD, *Camp Skokie, Ill.*

Each right answer counts five points. 60 is passing; 70, fair; 80, good; 90 or more, excellent.

1. The last Roosevelt - Churchill meeting took place in
   a) Algiers c) Tripoli
   b) Dakar d) Casablanca.
2. On his way back from the conference, the President also reviewed troops stationed in
   a) Bermuda c) Liberia
   b) Iran d) Panama.
3. Our Commander in Chief then visited Getulio Vargas, President of
   a) Peru c) Brazil
   b) Chile d) Argentina.
4. The Ruhr Valley is located in
   a) Tunisia c) Russia
   b) France d) Germany.
5. Name the boss of the British Commandos.
   a) A. V. Alexander
   b) Lloyd George
   c) Lord Mountbatten
   c) Sir Dudley Pound.
6. This city is known as the Pittsburgh of Russia.
   a) Leningrad c) Kursk
   b) Kharkov d) Smolensk.
7. King Farouk is the ruler of
   a) Persia c) Sweden
   b) Egypt d) Syria.
8. Name the President of the Philippines now in the U. S.
   a) Ramon Castillo
   b) Juan Rios
   c) Fulgencio Batista
   d) Manual Quezon.
9. Brisbane is a city in
   a) N. Zealand c) So. Africa
   b) Australia d) India.
10. Mark VI is the name given to famous German
    a) Dive bombers
    b) Subs
    c) Torpedo boats
    d) Tanks.
11. The Island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean is held by
    a) Italy c) Spain
    b) Germany d) England.
12. Crown Princess Juliana fled Europe and now resides in Canada. Her native country is
    a) Holland c) Norway
    b) Denmark d) Luxemburg.
13. Mussolini's son-in-law has held the spotlight in the field of diplomacy many times. Name him.
    a) Italo Balbo
    b) Gen. Bergonzoli
    c) Marshal Badoglio
    d) Count Ciano.
14. Jan Christian Smuts is Prime Minister of
    a) N. Zealand c) So. Africa
    b) Australia d) Eire
15. Name our Secretary of the Navy.
    a) Frank Knox
    b) Henry Stimson
    c) Francis Biddle
    d) Jesse Jones.
16. Sumner Welles is
    a) Attorney General
    b) OPA Chief
    c) Lend-Lease Administrator
    d) Under Secretary of State.
17. Dwight D. Eisenhower holds the rank of
    a) Brigadier General
    b) Major General
    c) Lieutenant General
    d) General.
18. If the Army made you a present of a Mustang, you would
    a) Eat it c) Wear it
    b) Shoot it d) Fly it.
19. The territory of one of the following countries lies partly in Europe and partly in Asia:
    a) Iraq c) Turkey
    b) Arabia d) Albania
20. Dutch Harbor is a naval base in
    a) Holland
    b) Dutch East Indies
    c) Alaska
    d) New Hebrides.

(Solution on Page 22.)

Martha Knows Her Slit Trenches

"PLENTY of times," said Martha Raye, "I wished to God I was back home in Brooklyn."

She was back in the U.S. now, but she was talking about the three months she spent in North Africa, entertaining GIs all up and down the Algerian and Tunisian fronts.

"I lost all my clothes in one bombing," she said. "And I got knocked out of bed in another. I was shot at one time in a plane and I spent hours under fire in a slit trench. I caught yellow fever and lost 20 pounds and once I even lost my lipstick.

"I'm going back," she added, "as soon as I can."

She was wearing a tan wool dress with GI buttons that the Army had made for her after a JU-88 laid some eggs on her wardrobe. By her side was a barracks bag full of stuff the guys had given her at the front. The RAF gave her a stuffed alligator and the Yanks gave her a 12-foot python skin. Someone else gave her an Arabian fez.

"Am I too well dressed?" she said, as she put the fez on her head.

Martha, Kay Francis, Carole Landis and Mitzi Mayfair left the U.S last fall and traveled all over the African front, giving four shows a day for the GIs they'd run into.

In Tunisia, she went right up to the front to give them her clowning. Wearing a steel helmet and with her face splattered with mud, she'd sing and dance and cavort for the guys just as she used to in Hollywood. When she found they hankered for the smell of perfume, she slapped it all over her ears.

After the other girls went away, Martha covered 100,000 miles by air, train, car and jeep all over North Africa with one companion, a corporal she picked up at one of the camps, who could play the piano.

Martha and her barracks bag.

"What was his name, Martha?" she was asked by a lady reporter.

"I don't think I'm permitted to say," replied Martha.

"Go on, you can tell them," an Army press relations officer said.

"I forgot his damn name," confessed Martha.

COMPANY STREET

Love. Pvt. Geo. I. Vaughn, with an Engineer outfit in New Guinea, waited and waited for a letter from his girl, finally got the following note: "Dear Mr. Censor: Please help me get this letter to my sweetheart or I won't have a sweetheart. Tell that guy of mine that I did write and I do love him, and that I'll be right here on the doorstep waiting." . . . Camp Hale (Colo.) paratroopers, hiking in single file over snow-covered mountain trails, pin their girls' pictures on the backs of the guys in front of them. . . . Cpl. Urie Bronfenbrenner, Nashville (Tenn.) Army Air Center, asked permission to live in town with his wife after hours, received an order from his CO reading: "Cpl. Urie Bronfenbrenner is herewith granted permission to love off the post."

Fathers and Sons. At the Oakland (Calif.) Naval Hospital, CPO John Manion, recovering from wounds received in Pacific action, turned to look at the sailor just placed in the next bed. The sailor was his father, PO1c James Manion, who had been wounded in the same Pacific action. They had not seen each other for five years. . . . Cpl. Joseph Q. Johnson, Camp Campbell, Ky., wants to get to Tokyo in a hurry. His son, Pvt. Joseph Q. Johnson Jr. is in a Jap prison camp there.

Answers. A rookie at the Washington (D. C.) Induction Center, filling out his service questionnaire, came to the question: What job are you best fitted for? Answer: "Shooting Japs." . . . Pvt. George C. Lemly went before the OCS Board at Greenville (S. C.) Airport, was asked, "Who do you think is the most important person in this war?" Reply: "My mother." . . . A yardbird at Seymour Johnson Field, (N. C.) asked post insurance clerk Pfc. Ben Sirota for a $10,000 insurance policy, named his wife as principal and himself as contingent beneficiary, explaining, "If my wife is not alive to collect the insurance on my death, I would like to get the money."

I GOLF LOG

LOWEST score wins in this word-golf game. The idea is to change one word to another in as few strokes as possible. At each stroke you change a single letter to form a new word.

For example: change COAT to VEST in 4 strokes. Answer: COAT. 1. BOAT. 2. BEAT. 3. BEST. 4. VEST.

Simple, isn't it?

Now—to mix a metaphor—in how few strokes can you bring a SHIP to PORT? Par is 5 strokes.

SHIP 3. . . . . .
1. . . . . 4. . . . . .
2. . . . . 5. **PORT**

(Solution on Page 22.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

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Bermuda Bound

Soldiers there find it quiet and expensive.

By Cpl. WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS
YANK Field Correspondent
Illustrated by the Author

Drummer in a Bermuda Artillery band wears a big leopard skin.

BERMUDA—Standing one Thursday afternoon on the corner of Queen and Reid Streets, the Broadway and 42d Street of Hamilton, capital of Bermuda, I was approached by a bunch of sailors just off a ship who asked me in dead earnestness, "Where is the town down here?"

Maybe it's unfair to judge Hamilton by a Thursday afternoon when everything is shut up tight, but even on a Saturday night it's a pretty dead proposition. There are three movie houses that show the same pictures we get at our own War Department theater, two bars open to enlisted men, and a United Services Club.

Bars in Hamilton run in three categories. There are the snooty ones that actually display, right out in the open, brass plaques with such inscriptions as "Here one wears one's coat and stockings and leaves one's dog at home," or "All facilities for the pleasure of its guests—civilians and commissioned officers." The term "dogs" seems to apply also to dogfaces; an enlisted man might sneak past the doorman but he would never get waited on. At the other extreme are a few joints off limits, and in between a couple of bars where an enlisted man may go. These are enjoying a thriving business and are slowly deteriorating from lazy lack of competition.

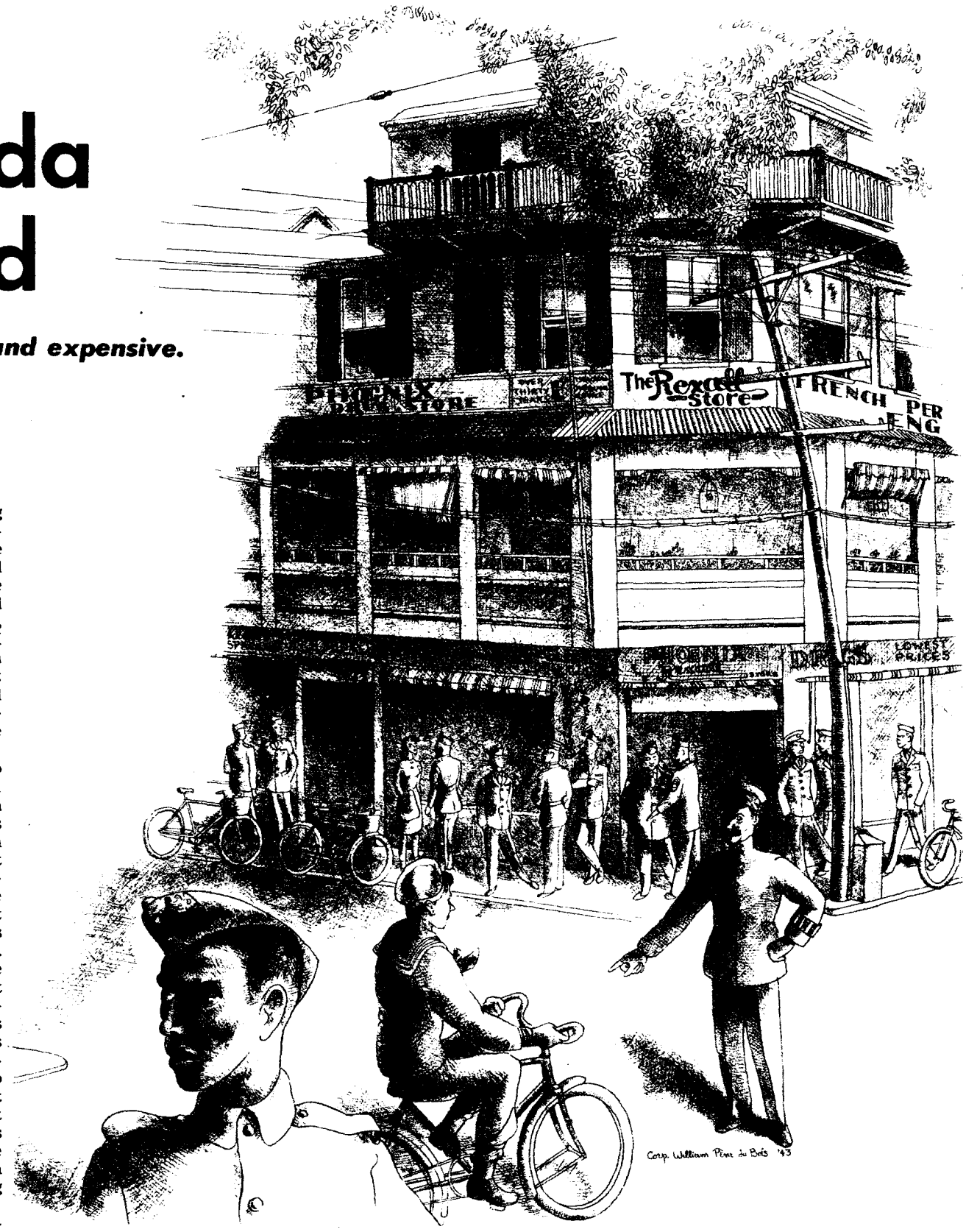
All liquor but beer is cheap in Bermuda, averaging around 40 cents for all whiskies, 30 cents for rum, 50 cents for brandy and liqueurs. Beer is 20 cents at the USC and 30 to 40 cents at local bars. Bars without a restaurant license close at 10 P.M. and those with a restaurant license at 11 P.M.

The United Services Club occupies the first floor of the Hamilton Hotel. It offers ping pong, a couple of beat-up pool tables, magazines and two typical Bermuda dances every week (15 men to one girl). It is not a very exciting club.

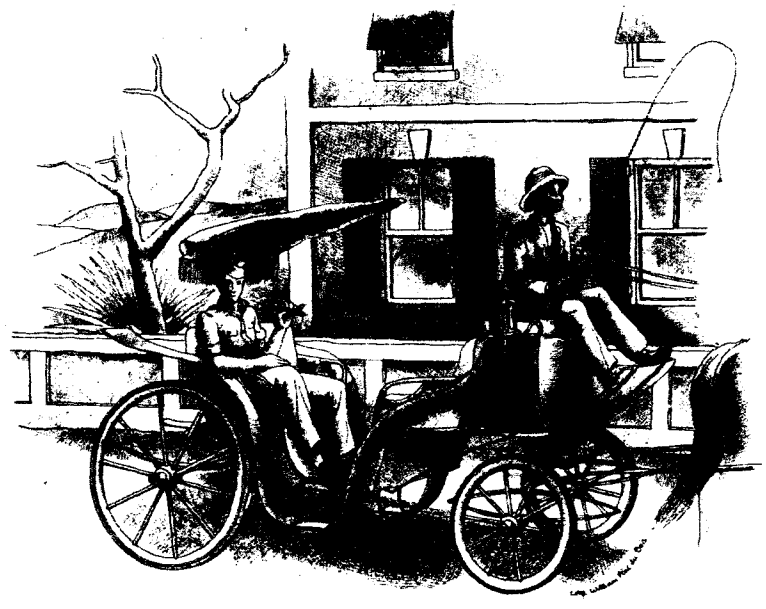
Perhaps the most famous landmark in all Bermuda for the enlisted man is the Phoenix Drug Store. It is the place where every sort of meeting is arranged—a hangout for drug-store cowboys who look upon it with nostalgia as the part of the islands most closely resembling the American landscape.

Transportation is the biggest gripe. If you manage to get a date, there are no cars. Horse-drawn carriages are the only satisfactory answer and they cost a fortune. If you take a girl out for supper and dancing, the cost of your evening will run something like this: $8 for food and drink, $12 for the carriage, total $20. And that is only the average price. It's often higher.

Bermudians call all spectacles except sports events "concerts." A play is called a concert. A magician and trained dogs performing on somebody's lawn are a concert. Any act with live talent is a concert and Bermudians love live talent. Some enlisted men from a Coast Artillery outfit down here put on a show called "Gone With the Draft" that really knocked Bermuda out. An amateur production, this "concert" played to enormous audiences all over the islands.



Hamilton policeman directs U.S. sailor to left side of street. In foreground, a Bermuda infantryman.



This carriage costs 50 cents a mile; average ride $4.

Cricket matches and track meets receive plenty of attention. The U. S. Army entered a military track meet and took a nice trouncing from the Bermudian troops. Favorite event in these meets is the tug-of-war.

Soccer also is very popular. This year, the U. S. Army caused a sensation by coming within one point of being champions of the Bermuda League. To beat Bermudians at their own game would have been almost too much. It seemed strange for a U. S. team to do so well until it was discovered that our eleven was made up of Americans from seven nations, some of whom had played soccer in their native lands.

Bermuda is by no means a tough post. The battle of Bermuda is a battle against monotony and a sort of damp, semi-tropical numbing atmosphere that kills ambition. After the recruit has shouted himself blue in the face voicing his many complaints, he settles down and becomes an almost complacent victim of Army routine. He finds himself, if not too contented, at least resigned.

But there are practically no women in Bermuda, and as those sailors just off a ship expressed it so well, "Where is the town down here?"

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McTurk THE TENTMAKER

"Like Arabs they folded their tents and stole silently away in the night." That's what the rest of the platoon did when the Sarge asked for volunteers to pitch a shelter half in partnership with Pvt. Joseph (Omar) McTurk.

The role of McTurk is played by Pvt. Robert C. McCracken, the Fort Belvoir (Va.) wood thrush, and the pictures are by Sgt. Pete Paris who took the next boat to Tunisia after he saw them.

McTURK'S HAD A HARD DAY but the worst is yet to come. "Pitch yer tents between here and that oak tree yonder," says the Sarge. "Whassa sense sleepin' on cold ground when they's a bunch of perfectly nice tourist cabins half mile down der road," mutters our Staten Island hero.

THE OUTFIT DREW LOTS to see who would pitch tent with McTurk and this poor guy lost. "Just leave me handle this, chum," chortles Mac. "Why, me grandfather was a full-blooded Choctaw and died under canvas." Which he did. He was trampled in the crush to see Little Egypt do her cooch dance at the Chicago World Fair.

"DAT LOUSY SUPPLY SARGINT only give me half this tent," Joe yells. His partner explains the button system and Mac disappears under the canvas searching for button holes. Mrs. McTurk's son doesn't understand shelter halves. Matter of fact, he's been wearing his shelter half all winter as underwear.

WHERE IS McTURK? He's somewhere inside this tepee, looking for a match. Nobody told Mac about tent pegs so he lights one in the darkness, thinking it's a 15-cent cheroot. "Not bad," admits the intrepid woodsman, inhaling deeply. "A little dry, perhaps, but really not so bad."

"LEMME OUTA THIS STRAITJACKET," roars the Sheik of Staten Island. "I ast for a tent and they gave me a sleeveless night gown wid no arms. Besides da collar is not me usual 17 and a hof, and they forgot to put pleats in do back." Even so, the tent fits McTurk better than that old blue serge suit his mother gave to the scrap metal drive.

"JUST LIKE HOME," sighs McTurk as he views his rustic villa. "And even better becuz dere ain't no neighbors upstairs what can complain about the noise if yez invite in a few cherce friends." The unlucky tent mate will never be the same after this memorable night in the outdoors with Omar McTurk.

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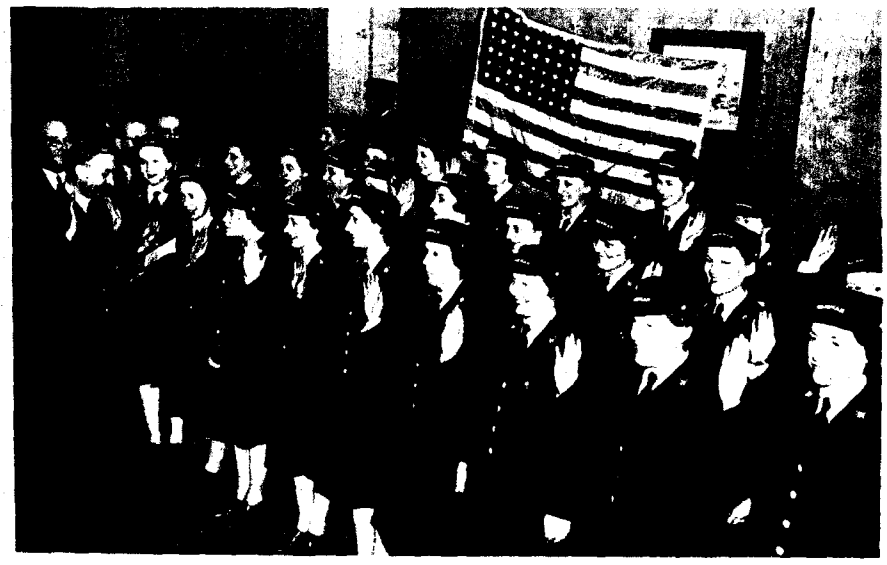

The Railroad Brotherhood has some new recruits. In Philadelphia, 40 women brakemen take the oath, replacing men in the armed forces.

A group of farm workers from the Ozark Hills of Arkansas arrive in Visalia, Calif., to help relieve the West Coast's farm labor shortage.

NEWS from Home

ALABAMA

Rerouting of busses and street cars was proposed in Birmingham to relieve crowded traffic on 19th and 20th Streets. Virgil Wilder became principal of Elyton School at Birmingham, succeeding George Hendricks, resigned. Homewood's City Council campaigned against forest fires.

ARKANSAS

The American Legion raised $1,408,931 by War Bond sales in the state to buy bombers and fighter planes. Annexation by Little Rock of land southwest of the city was fought by residents of the area who want a separate town. The Lion Oil Refining Co. announced a $325,000 enlargement of its plant at El Dorado. Mrs. Willie Mae Ford was burned to death at Texarkana in a vain attempt to save her 10-year-old daughter from the flames of a back-yard trash fire. Other fires: $250,000 damage to the Swift & Co. plant at Little Rock; the R. Block & Son store destroyed at Wynne. A. B. Cummings was elected mayor of Hamburg. A proposed reapportionment of congressional districts again was defeated.

CALIFORNIA

A mass break at the Marin County jail in San Rafael was squelched when police shot one man and caught three others. Bryan Schroeder, 3, drank a pint of whisky at Oakland, suffered only a slight hangover. Damage by fire to the Albers Milling Co. plant at Oakland was estimated at $5,500,000. The "Leaning Sequoia" in Sequoia National Park, believed to be 3,000 years old, finally collapsed.

CONNECTICUT

The Legislature approved the sale of horse meat in Connecticut. A Bridgeport war plant installed sub-assembly lines in the Weston Town Hall. Gov. Baldwin suspended working-hour limitations to speed war work, making a 55-hour week the new maximum. The robin was designated as the official state bird. William Fitzgerald of Willimantic was killed in a bus-auto crash at Milford.

ILLINOIS

Chicago's Judge Harold O'Connell slapped $100 fines on workers who missed work because of drunkenness. Moline high-school students asked a liquor and gambling clean-up. Woodbine residents battled a grass fire which threatened the village. Evanston taxi drivers struck against federal mileage restrictions. Assistant Postmaster Thomas Lowery retired at Springfield after 56 years of postal service. Cordova's Baptist Church celebrated its 100th anniversary. The Senate adopted a resolution asking a two-term limit on presidential terms.

INDIANA

The State Budget Commission approved a $2,500,000 fund to replace hospital buildings damaged by fire at Woodmere. The 1,800-acre Malotte farm near Bloomington was sold to Floyd A. Stark of Medora for $17,000. Miami County offered a bounty of $15 a head for wolves, $3 for foxes. Damaged by fire: The 100-year-old Floyd County courthouse at New Albany; an ice plant and food locker at Linton. The Rev. Joseph Moore of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Evansville became an Army chaplain. The legislature killed local option, considered 10 P.M. closing and "drinkers' permits." Harry Davidson resigned as school superintendent at Cannelton.

IOWA

Marshallton's public library assembled a giant scrapbook with a page devoted to each Marshallton man or woman in service. University of Iowa students at Iowa City answered shoe rationing by checking their shoes with their coats at dances. Edward Kelch and four of his children were burned to death near Corwith. Miss Lydia Hansen became Sioux City's first woman driver of a horse-drawn milk wagon. The Keokuk Box Co. factory was destroyed by fire.

KANSAS

Oscar Davis, Sam Rogers and Hillary Davis were killed at Winfield when lightning struck the municipal light plant. At Dighton, barber-shop shaves went up to 50 cents. Private homes at Pratt are feeding many of the 3,000 war workers who flocked into town to work on an Army project. Thirty homing pigeons stolen from John Hodges at Topeka returned home. The Legislature passed a strict labor-control bill, requiring licensing of union agents, filing of union financial reports with the state, and outlawing sit-down strikes.

KENTUCKY

Fines were returned to many persons erroneously arrested for failure to buy 1943 automobile licenses. Two persons were arrested and two others were sought after the Rev. Walter Bryant, Lebanon Junction Baptist minister, was kidnapped, robbed and beaten. Dr. Frank L. McVey, president emeritus of the University of Kentucky, left for Venezuela to advise on construction of a modern university city. The 45-year-old Harris & Crowdus Hardware Co. at Franklin suspended.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans reform groups campaigned to close saloons at midnight weekdays and all day Sundays. Another 5-percent dividend was announced in the liquidation of the Tangipahoa Bank & Trust Co. at Hammond. Lafourche Parish schools planned to close two weeks in May to aid potato and bean harvesting. Mrs. Ethel Hartman, twice nipped by a dog, sued for $350; the court awarded $950, citing higher living costs. Abbeville and Vermilion Parish were having a rat-extermination campaign.

MAINE

The Legislature approved free fishing licenses for servicemen. At Portland, George W. Palmer was acquitted of a charge of murdering his wife and two children. Barker B. Smith, former Auburn banker, was given a three- to five-year sentence for embezzling $35,000. The State Education Department reported 1,148 teachers have resigned because of low salaries. A crowd of shipyard workers partly wrecked the Colonial Theater in Portland after a midnight stag show had been abruptly halted at 1:45 A. M.

MARYLAND

Max Bishop, former Oriole baseball player, was accused of illegally shooting geese in Kent County. St. John's A.M.E. Church in Baltimore was destroyed by fire. Repeal was asked of Anne Arundel County's ban on bear-baiting. The Legislature was asked to approve Sunday movies for Washington County.

MASSACHUSETTS

The junction of Mill, Dunham and Union Streets in Attleboro was named Johnson-Morin Square in honor of men killed at Guadalcanal. Large dwellings in Northampton were being converted into multiple-family homes for war workers. Taunton revoked the bus-stop permit of the Massachusetts Street Railway after the company refused to build a terminal. High-school attendance boomed at Fitchburg. The South Royalston fire department lost all of its equipment in a fire at headquarters. Town meetings results: Arlington, William F. Davis elected selectman, Ernest W. Davis moderator; Bedford, James H. Joyce elected selectman; Belmont, Charles R. Betts reelected selectman; Dedham, John T. Carye named to the Board of Public Welfare; Hull, Charles R. McCarthy elected selectman; Watertown, control of the Board of Selectmen won by the Democrats.

MICHIGAN

Taxi-dancers joined musicians in picketing Detroit dance halls which replaced live music with juke boxes. The U. S. Rubber Co. at Detroit announced a nylon aircraft tire "100 percent stronger than any previously known." Construction of a stockade for prisoners of war captured abroad was started at Fort Custer. One woman was killed and four persons were injured at Detroit during a March storm which swept the state. A slight earthquake was felt in southern Michigan. Died: Dr. M. S. Rice, famous pastor of Detroit's Metropolitan Methodist Church.

MINNESOTA

Minnesota's first chapter of the American War Dads was organized at Minneapolis. Russell Paone, 17, of Minneapolis, who lost a leg in an auto crash, was awarded $45,000 damages; a juror fainted when Paone described 40 operations which followed the accident. The Legislature rejected a bill to return to standard time. The Senate approved a new highway between Robbinsdale and New Brighton. Two Fergus Falls filling stations were burglarized; clothing was the chief loot. Dr. Robert Patterson of Duluth travelled on snowshoes over 15-foot snow drifts on the frozen Duluth-Superior harbor to deliver a baby.

MISSISSIPPI

Gov. Johnson suspended sentence of 11 convicts, including three who aided in the capture of Parchman Prison escapees. Legislative candidates were asked at Jackson to commit themselves to repeal of state blue laws. At Rolling Fork Harris Sias was convicted of the murder of Police Chief Moore.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Fire threatened Portsmouth's business section, destroyed five buildings at $200,000 loss, but spared the Kearsarge Hotel after 60 guests had fled. St. Anselm's College at Manchester may be

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For Easter: In Marlboro, Mass., the Misses Marion Wakefield and Shirley Johnson of Melrose show off some Bermuda lilies, and themselves.

Near Lambertsville, N. J., workers weld pipe lengths, beginning the first New Jersey section of the oil pipeline between Texas and New York.

A Round-Up of the Week Back in the States

taken over by the Army at the end of the school year. Ossipee was shaken by an earth tremor and explosion of unknown origin.

NEW MEXICO

Sheriffs sought abolition of the state police. Liquor licenses of six bars in Albuquerque were suspended after Sunday sales were charged. Los Lunas residents sought a food dehydrating plant. New Mexico's cattle population increased more than a million head last year. Albuquerque's Chamber of Commerce obtained 30 acres of land for victory gardens. The New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs opposed further dam site exploration on the Rio Grande, fearing the flooding of pueblos. Died: The Rt. Rev. Rudolph A. Gerken, archbishop of the Catholic diocese of Santa Fe.

NEW YORK

Fifty additional detectives and 150 rookie cops patrolled New York's Harlem after outbreaks by Negro "muggers." Erie County collected $100,000 insurance after the theft of $176,000 in food stamps. Gov. Dewey directed a probe of Creedmore State Hospital in Queens Village, L. I. Auburn Prison inmates contributed $256.81 to the Red Cross from their prison pay. Charles F. Wilson became mayor of Fredonia. A measles epidemic closed Buffalo's Bliss Union Free School. Fire damaged the 70-year-old Getty House in Yonkers. Albany's Ten Eyck Hotel went into receivership. The Legislature voted Gov. Dewey's legislative reapportionment bill, increasing the Senate membership from 51 to 56, reducing Manhattan and upstate representation and increasing that of other N. Y. C. boroughs.

NORTH CAROLINA

The North Carolina American Legion won the Owsley trophy for gains in membership. Gov. Broughton and the Council of State were granted war emergency powers by the Legislature. C. M. Davis, president of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway Co., celebrated 50 years with the road. Mecklenburg County set up community canneries. Completion of a vocational textile school at Belmont was guaranteed by a new $75,000 appropriation. Seven men escaped from the Northampton prison camp. The Rev. W. McLeod Frampton Jr. of Greenville became pastor of historic Purity Presbyterian Church at Chester.

NORTH DAKOTA

A blizzard forced postponement of township elections in Cass County. Tom Wilbur, a farm hand, was charged at Beach with kidnaping Anton Rising, 13. Grafton's Civic Club assembled 40 knives for American soldiers in the Pacific area. Harold Rogers, Bowbells police chief, was severely injured in an auto accident. Fire damaged the McKone Beverage Co. warehouse in Moorhead. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parks celebrated their 64th wedding anniversary at Watford Falls.

OHIO

An earthquake shook a large area surrounding Cleveland. An irate street-car conductor in Cleveland fired shots into a group of rowdy passengers, injuring one. Four women became guards at Wright Aeronautical Corp. in Lockland. Dean Katherine D. Ingle of the University of Cincinnati approved slacks for co-eds. A nine-barge fleet broke from Ohio River moorings at Newport and endangered pleasure craft before it was stopped.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia hotel men said they might employ girl bellhops. Cheltenham police raided the Melrose Country Club and arrested 46 crap shooters. Josephine, Philadelphia Zoo's elephant, died. The City of Philadelphia bought 58 steers to guard against a meat shortage in city institutions. The state is to build a new four-lane industrial highway between Philadelphia and Chester highway via the "back-road." Kenneth Carver was killed and three others were seriously injured when a chemical vat overflowed at the Rohm and Haas plant at Bristol. A victory garden will be grown in Philadelphia's Washington Square. Police used tear gas to quell a riot at Allentown during the Hazelton-Bethlehem basketball game for the Eastern Pennsylvania title.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Gov. Johnston approved a $10-a-month pay increase for teachers. L. W. Perrin of Spartanburg was elected president of the State Bar Association. Officers said Johnnie Sims and Sylvester McKinley, Negroes, confessed the ax-slaying of Walter Cox at Switzer. The Rev. H. D. Corbett became pastor of Walterboro Presbyterian Church. Fire destroyed the Jonesville Baptist Church. The Citizens Bank of Olanta opened. The University of South Carolina at Columbia offered free night instruction to prospective war workers.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Flandreau's chapter of the Izaak Walton League obtained approval of the State Game and Fish Commission to build a dam in Spring Creek. O. E. Pearson became scoutmaster of a new Boy Scout Troop at Brandon. John Perett—"Potato Creek Johnnie," last of the old-time Black Hills prospectors—died at Deadwood.

TENNESSEE

Douglas Dam on the French Broad River was completed. N. W. Walker was killed at Chattanooga when three floors of stacked grain and wheat collapsed. At Knoxville, 13 autos were destroyed by fire in the Quality Body Works. L. B. Hudson of Sparta was killed in a truck crash at Fayetteville. The Nashville-Franklin Railway ceased operation. Two N. C. & St. L. locomotives crashed near Smyrna, killing C. F. Barnett of Nashville, an engineer.

TEXAS

Leaders of major Texas labor organizations signed a pact with Gov. Stevenson to ban strikes for the duration. Dallas high-school students enlisted for household jobs. Old Washington omitted its annual celebration of Texas' Declaration of Independence. Arthur B. Knickerbocker of Odessa became state adjutant general. The House voted to ban beer sales on Sunday. A tornado caused $1,000,000 damage at San Augustine, killing a boy. The $50,000,000 Denison Red River Dam went into use. Wild deer, protected by a closed season, harassed Lavaca and DeWitt County farmers. A sow at Wharton gave birth to 18 pigs, got federal commendation.

UTAH

Utah's 25th legislative session ended after a bill liberalizing public assistance regulations was rushed through. Gov. Maw urged a fourth term for President Roosevelt. Salt Lake City, test area for recruiting Women Marines, produced 25 volunteers in one week. Salt Lake City school authorities reported much truancy, especially among older students. The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad announced plans for $11,000,000 general improvements.

VIRGINIA

Citizens' organizations protested the 25-cent fee charged by the ABC Board for liquor-ration registration. Gov. Darden opposed no-speed-limit requests for trucks loaded with war goods on the grounds that private motorists would follow suit. John C. Parker Jr. of Franklin became president of the State Bar Association. Harold C. (Jimmy) Maurice quit Richmond's Common Council to become Southside police justice. John H. Lukhard, former secretary-treasurer of the Richmond truck drivers' union, was charged with embezzling $6,000 union funds. Died: State Senator Henry T. Wickham, 93, at Hanover; first elected to the legislature in 1879.

WASHINGTON

The Army took over St. Mark's Cathedral at Seattle. Work began on a $501,000 hospital for Renton. Seattle's City Council authorized $138,000 to repair streets damaged by removal of street-car rails for scrap. Mrs. Donna Bowers, granted a divorce at Seattle, was awarded 78 cans of food in her family pantry. The War Labor Board granted a wage increase of 4½ cents an hour to 30,000 Boeing aircraft workers at Seattle. Hans Otto Giese, 40, German-born Seattle lawyer, was ordered from the defense area as his denaturalization was sought.

WISCONSIN

Allis-Chalmers planned a $600,000 addition to its Milwaukee factory. Milwaukee egg prices were pegged at a 51-cent top. A deer crashed through the front door of Monroe County's courthouse at Sparta, ran out the back door and vanished. Mrs. Ethel Ferdinand of Milwaukee was found dead in a park near Pound. Wisconsin liquor-tax receipts diminished as drinking declined. A federal grand jury indicted Elmer and Sabatino Lori, and Nello and Floyd Ventura on charges of operating an illegal still at Kenosha.

WYOMING

Wyoming sheep herders were allowed extra food-ration points to buy canned goods. Cheyenne's building trades council and contractors signed a no-strike, anti-absenteeism agreement. Albert (Coon Can Sam) Perkins was tried at Cheyenne on a charge of murdering his wife. Forty thousand Wyoming workers now are covered by unemployment insurance. Clarence A. Wells, garage sales manager, was killed at Cheyenne in a truck-bus wreck.

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POST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

THE GIRL WE SAW FROM A TROOP-TRAIN WINDOW

We look at you, you look at us;
Our stares cause you to fuss
With the single white strand of pearls
That hang around your neck.

We look at you, our thoughts go free;
And many things we see
That are not there and will not be
For many months to come.

We look at you; you meet our eyes
And feel you recognize
Emotions that within us rise.
But we are far away.

We look at you, we smile and wave,
But bound in mind's deep cave
Are hidden silent, solemn, grave—
The things that once we knew.

We looked at you; gone is the day,
Our heart's not light, not gay.
Before we sleep, to God we pray
For things to know again.

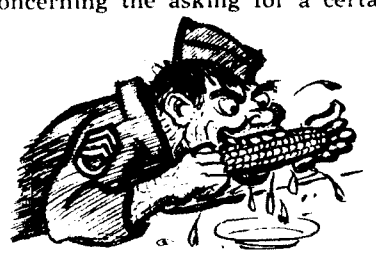
—Pfc. CORNELIUS DeVAN

Shreveport, La.

Chow Etiquette

According to the latest Gullet Poll definite rules of good manners prevail at all Army camps, most of them crude forms of old tried and true customs.

Mess-hall etiquette is the epitome of good taste, as in the basic rule concerning the asking for a certain dish of food. For instance, if an askee wishes a portion of meat he simply calls out, "Butts on the meat." As anyone can understand he is politely asking to be handed the meat dish next. However, if anyone at the table is crude enough to intercept the dish enroute to the askee, he is reprimanded with "don't short-stop the meat you ———!"



Drawing by Pvt. McGowan Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

The term "short-stop" of course is derived from baseball and means exactly what it says—not to put the bite on the meat before it arrives in front of the person requesting it.

There is also the rule on the replenishing of near-empty dishes. All dishes to be refilled are commonly called "cinches." If a dish does not contain enough food for two more persons, the last one using it must go to the kitchen for a refill. For this reason some dishes remain on the table indefinitely.

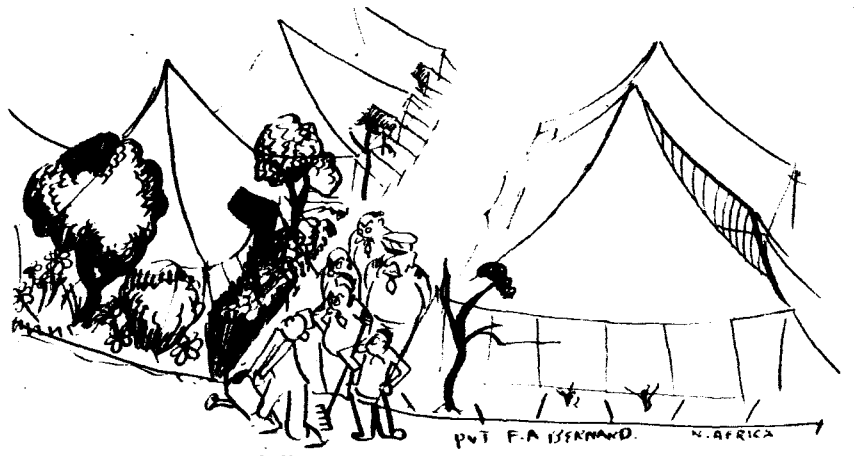
Always seated at the first table next to the door are the "chow hounds," who have an etiquette all their own. These lads are always loitering outside the mess hall door from 10 to 30 minutes before chow.

Chow hounds can also be spotted by their dinner plates and extra utensils. Plates are piled high and overflowing and there is always an extra dish ready for their dessert before the meal even begins. Two cups usually flank their plates, one for each type of beverage offered. A constant din is heard as the hounds repeatedly yell "butts on it."

A breach of etiquette that makes the hounds very unhappy is for a late comer to start demanding food. A very novel way has been introduced to stop such a practice.

As soon as the late arrival starts calling for service, thus interrupting the chompings of the regular customers, he immediately is showered with everything on the table. By the time he attempts to fill his plate he finds that there is not enough room left to dish it out, move, or even eat the chow.

Fort Thomas, Ky. —Pvt. BOB RANKIN



"Philbert! Do you use manure?"

Life in a Bush Base

Our home at present is a pyramidal tent that has a tendency to leak only during a rain. It is equipped with six cots, assorted boxes and 92 barracks bags. Above each cot and suspended from the tent wall are mosquito bars. These are supposed to prevent more than 500 mosquitos from entering your bed at one time and spiriting away the occupant. The mosquitos, incidentally, are eagerly sought by the Medical Corps as blood donors.

Each night before retiring you rip your bed apart to dislodge the ants, bugs, scorpions and snakes that have chosen it for sleeping quarters.

One thing about the rain is that it seldom starts until you have your week's wash hung out to dry. This is the one barometer that has always proved accurate to date, and those who have formerly depended on their corns to forewarn them of a downpour have had them removed because they are no longer reliable.

When we read how the dogfaces in the cities back home have to make reservations for the theater weeks in advance, our hearts go out to them. All we have to do is call up the switchboard to find out if there is a movie scheduled in the vicinity. If there is, immediate preparations are begun for an evening at the "pictures," as they are called. Gazing skyward and deciding that it doesn't look like rain, we don raincoats, hip boots and sun helmets. We then clamber in a GI truck and are whisked to the open-air show area.

No sooner are you seated than the showers begin. There is a mass movement upwards as everybody hastily pulls on raincoats and hats. The headgear of the Aussies, by the way, is not unlike that worn by women in theaters back in the States, being extremely large and worn off the left side of the face.

Most of the Yanks have seen the movie in their extreme youth and have a happy time reminiscing about the good old days.

After the closing scene there is a concerted rush to the parking area. To reach this you must cross a field that has a slit trench every 15 feet, and you are lucky if you reach your truck without falling into at least one of them.

Upon reaching our tents we climb beneath our mosquito nets and talk of the wonderful days when we were stationed near a big city.

"Listen to that frog, will you?" To which the usual retort is, "Aw, let the ——— croak."

But don't get us wrong—we love the place.

Australia —Pvt. JOHN L. McCAULEY

The Bagpiper

Years ago one mon wi' a bagpipe led ten thoosand
Men across a battlefield right i' the thickness
O' the battle.

Can ye nae picture it? Can ye nae fancy it?
One mon wi' a bagpipe leadin' ten thoosand
Men across a battlefield a' in the thickness
O' a battle.

O' course, they didna' come to hear the piper play;
They came to watch the poor mon shot.

—Cpl. SCOTTY FRAZER

Orlando (Fla.) Air Base

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY

White moves 27 to 24.

Black now has a choice of 2 jumps. He may jump 20 to 27 or 28 to 19. No matter which he picks he soon falls victim to the insidious in-and-out shot otherwise known as the checker player's hotfoot.

If Black lands on square 19, White jumps 23 to 16. Then Black must move 20 to 24.

If Black jumps to square 27, White jumps 23 to 32. Then Black must move 28 to 24.

Now White, in a suspiciously generous mood moves 30 to 25. Black must jump 21 to 30. White now utilizes his waiting move to score a telling blow. Depending on where he is he moves either 16 to 20, or 32 to 28. Black is forced to jump 30 to 23. White, a real Indian giver, takes the two Black men.

Black is now on his last legs. One more move and he is sunker than the Haruna. WHITE WINS.

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

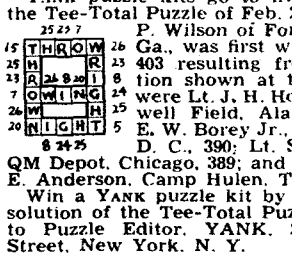
1. Casablanca. 2. Liberia. 3. Brazil. 4. Germany. 5. Lord Mountbatten. 6. Kharkov. 7. Egypt. 8. Manuel Quezon. 9. Australia. 10. Tanks. 11. England. 12. Holland. 13. Count Ciano. 14. South Africa. 15. Frank Knox. 16. Under Secretary of State. 17. General. 18. Fly it. 19. Turkey. 20. Alaska.

GOLF-LOG

SHIP. 1. SHOP. 2. SHOT. 3. SOOT. 4. SORT. 5. PORT.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

Yank puzzle kits go to five winners of the Tee-Total Puzzle of Feb. 26. Pfc. James P. Wilson of Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., was first with a score of 403 resulting from the solution shown at the left. Next were Lt. J. H. Holdcraft, Maxwell Field, Ala., 394; T/Sgt. E. W. Borey Jr., Bolling Field, D. C., 390; Lt. S. A. Nichols, QM Depot, Chicago, 389; and S/Sgt. Robert E. Anderson, Camp Hulen, Tex., 389.



Win a Yank puzzle kit by sending your solution of the Tee-Total Puzzle [page 17] to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

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SPORTS: IF HE GETS PAST THE BLOCKADE, GUNDER HAEGG WILL BRING AN OUTDOOR TRACK BOOM TO THE U. S.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON

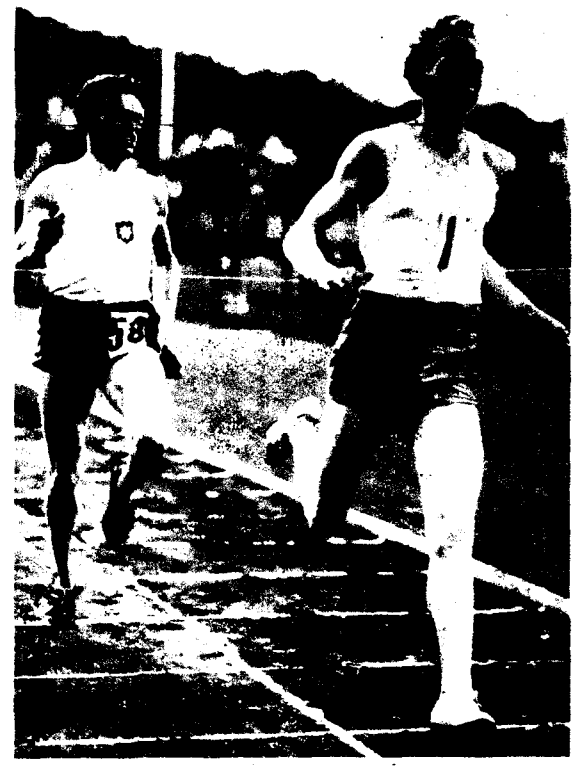
WE have been reading where Gunder Haegg is coming to the U. S. this summer for a bit of playful romping against some of our short-pantsed track boys —and this immediately poses a series of interesting problems.

Gunder Haegg, in case you haven't heard, is a flying fireman out of Gaevle, Sweden, who blithely proceeded to shatter all existing track records from one to three miles while the rest of the world was engaged in beating each other's brains out.

Gunder, in fact, is credited with being a principal factor in keeping Sweden out of the war thus far. Last summer, when the little country's relations with Germany were most strained, every time the situation looked as if it were going to boil over, Gunder would go out and set a new record. This would force the war off the front pages for a few days and give tempers a chance to cool.

Notwithstanding, Haegg's records of 4 : 04.6 for the mile, 8 : 47.8 for the two-mile, plus his amazing new marks for the 1,500-meter, 2,000-meter, 3,000-meter, three-mile and 5,000-meter, are regarded as the outstanding achievement in the history of sports. They are also regarded as the cause for a recent rapid decline in the Swedish health rate; three-quarters of the small army of officials attached to the Swedish Athletic Union and the International Amateur Athletic Federation have developed a peculiar twitching dementia every time they look at a watch or clock.

However, with Haegg coming to this country for a brief tour, a strange thing is likely to happen. Outdoor track heretofore has been the neglected orphan of all big-time sports. Whereas huge crowds always jammed Madison Square Garden for the major indoor meets, the boys always performed outdoors in an environment resembling Central Greenland on a Sunday afternoon. This is, of course, with the exception of California, where absolutely anything can happen. Even when Sidney Wooderson, the British miler, came to New Jersey for his greatly ballyhooed race in the Princeton Invitation Meet a few years ago, you could have fired a 105 point-blank into various sections of Palmer Stadium without hitting anybody.



Haegg Breaks the Two-Mile Record

But the situation now is greatly changed. Along about June or July the public will be starved for sports. Only a few minor leagues will be playing baseball. The majors will be tottering around on the wobbly legs of 4-Fs and ancient relics who should be home taking care of their grandchildren.

Just then, a bright flare will appear over the horizon. That will be Gunder Haegg. Every starving sportswriter will begin to pound out reams of copy about this lanky, colorful, carefree blond strider (24 years old and from a neutral country), who doesn't give a damn about scientific training but just sets out and runs his opponents into the ground, like Mussolini or Seabiscuit. They will cover his practice sessions like a training camp. He will appear on the "We the People" radio program, and get his famous legs photographed by *Life, Look* and *Pic*.

The public will clamor to see him, and a dozen or so meets will be scheduled. There will be plenty of competition, too. Gregory Rice of the triple-hernia will be around. Also Gilbert Dodds, the divinity student, and Frank Dixon, the downy-faced freshman from NYU. Even papa Glenn Cunningham might be brought out of retirement to run a special race or two against the incredible Swede. Every stadium in the country will then sell out at about $4.40 a throw. "It is something too wonderful to contemplate," says the American Olympic Committee.

Of course, there are one or two things that might mess up this beautiful dream.

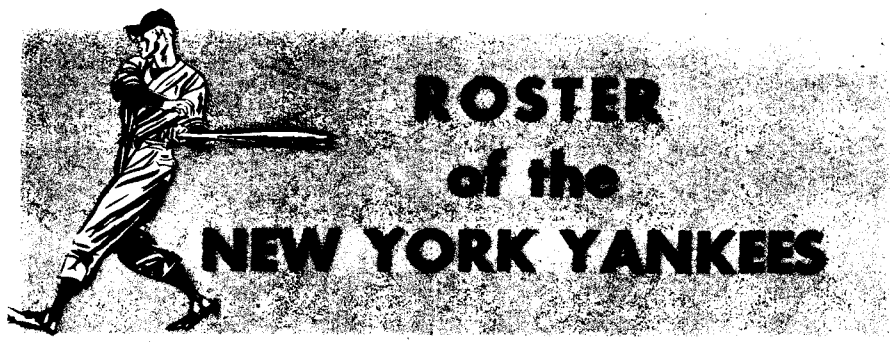
First, Brother Haegg might come over here and make like Taisto Maki, the equally phenomenal Finnish star, who stank up Madison Square Garden the night we all stood up with bared heads and paid tribute to Our Gallant Little Friend, who paid her war debt every year, and on time.

Second, he might have a little trouble arranging transportation out of Sweden and through the German and Allied blockades.

This latter, however, is a minor problem. We suggest that some time in May they give Brother Haegg a compass and set him running in a generally northern direction.

By the middle of June, he should come swinging down over the Polar Cap somewhere in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay.

And he'd get here in pretty good shape, too.



PITCHERS	Bats	Thrs.	Wgt.	Hgt.	Home Address	Club, 1942	W.	L.	ERA.
Bonham, Ernest	R	R	215	6:02	Sacramento, Cal.	New York	21	5	2.27
Borowy, Henry	R	R	175	6:00	Bloomfield, N. J.	New York	15	4	2.53
Breuer, Marvin	R	R	180	6:02	Rolla, Mo.	New York	8	9	3.07
Byrne, Thomas	L	L	180	6:01	Baltimore, Md.	Newark	17	4	3.10
Chandler, Spurgeon	R	R	180	6:00	Moultrie, Ga.	New York	16	5	2.37
Donald, Atley	L	R	187	6:01	Choudrant, La.	New York	11	3	3.10
Lindell, John	R	R	205	6:04	Arcadia, Cal.	New York	2	1	3.74
Murphy, John	R	R	195	6:02	St. Petersburg, Fla.	New York	4	10	3.41
Russo, Marius	R	L	185	6:01	Elmont, L. I., N. Y.	New York	4	1	2.80
Turner, James	L	R	200	6:00	Nashville, Tenn.	Cincinnati / New York	0 / 1	0 / 1	12.00 / —
Wensloff, Charles	R	R	190	5:11	Sausalito, Cal.	Kansas City	21	10	2.47
Zuber, William	R	R	198	6:02	Middle Amama, Ia.	Washington	9	9	3.83
CATCHERS							G.	B.A.	F.A.
Dickey, William	L	R	185	6:02	Little Rock, Ark.	New York	82	.295	.976
Hemsley, Ralston	R	R	175	5:10	Vienna, Mo.	Cincinnati / New York	36 / 31	.113 / .294	.982 / .991
Robinson, Aaron	L	R	195	6:01	Lancaster, S. C.	Newark	100	.285	.972
Sears, Kenneth	L	R	195	6:01	Fort Worth, Tex.	Kansas City	127	.283	.975
INFIELDERS									
Crosetti, Frank	R	R	165	5:10	San Francisco, Cal.	New York	74	.242	.951
Etten, Nicholas R.	L	L	198	6:02	Chicago, Ill.	Phila., N. L.	139	.264	.985
Gordon, Joseph	R	R	175	5:10	Eugene, Ore.	New York	147	.322	.966
Grimes, Oscar	R	R	180	6:00	Rocky River, O.	Cleveland	51	.179	.944
Johnson, William	R	R	160	5:09	Augusta, Ga.	Newark	153	.290	.944
Knickerbocker, Wm.	R	R	170	5:10	Whittier, Cal.	Phila., A. L.	87	.253	.964
Stirnweiss, George	R	R	175	5:08	Kent, Conn.	Newark	144	.270	.975
OUTFIELDERS									
Derry, Russell	L	R	175	6:00	Princeton, Mo.	Newark	112	.280	.969
Keller, Charles	L	R	180	5:11	Frederick, Md.	New York	152	.292	.985
Metheny, Arthur	L	L	190	5:11	Norfolk, Va.	Newark	148	.296	.970
Stainback, George	R	R	165	6:00	Los Angeles, Cal.	New York	15	.200	1.000
Weatherly, Roy	L	R	175	5:07	Garfield Heights, O.	Cleveland	128	.258	.991

ARTHUR FLETCHER—Coach. EARLE COMBS—Coach. JOSEPH V. McCARTHY—Manager.

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST Rugger Ardizoia, Joe DiMaggio, Buddy Hassett, Tommy Henrich, Herb Karpel, Henry Majeski, Steve Peek, Phil Rizzuto, Charley Ruffing, George Selkirk, Ken Silvestri, Steve Souchock, Charley Stanceu, Johnny Sturm

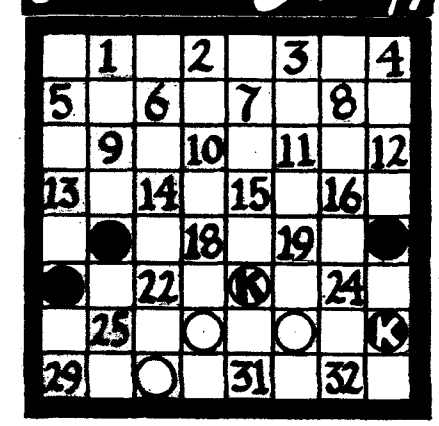
SPORTS SHORTS

With the big league ball clubs training north this year instead of south, sports writers have been getting their customary sun tans under infra-ray lamps in barber shops. . . . And left-handed pitchers have been baking their soup bones over potbellied stoves. . . . Having lost both his first basemen, Johnny Mize and Babe Young, to the army, Giant Manager **Mel Ott** is trying out outfielder **Babe Barna** on the bag. If Barna doesn't come through, Ott may have to play two positions besides managing. The idea is for Melvin to come in from rightfield and take all the throws to first.

The Dodgers, training at tropical Bear Mountain, N. Y., have the oldest outfield in organized ball. It's composed of Johnny Cooney, 41; Paul Waner, 40, and his brother, Lloyd, 38. Leo Durocher may decide to play them all in center at once. . . . Best looking rookie to come up this year is the Detroit Tigers' **Dick Wakefield**, voted the most valuable minor league player of 1942. Wakefield, a former University of Michigan star, hit .343 for Beaumont in the Texas League. . . . **Pepper Martin**, who used to run bases like he was going to a fire, will manage the Cardinals' Rochester (N. Y.) farm this year.

Tim Cohane recalls that years ago a Brooklyn pug named **Hi Hi Hilario** was so strongly impressed by the referee's instructions that the fighters must immediately repair to a neutral corner in the event of a knockdown that, upon being flattened early in the bout, he crawled on hands and knees to the nearest corner. . . . **Fordham** may not have a football team this fall and **Yale** may play only Harvard and Princeton, twice each, as the Elis did back in Pudge Heffelfinger's day. . . .

Checkerboard Strategy



WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

THIS one appears simple. The score is 5 to 5. It seems that White might win by stealing the Black piece on square 17.

But beware! The pincer movement on that isolated Black man may not be as easy as it looks. Black has too many White pieces to attack in retaliation. So maybe we'd better look elsewhere for a theme.

See if you can outgeneral the Black army. Here's a clue. Look around for that famous "in-and-out shot" theme.

The solution is printed on page 22 in case you give up. First, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown so that you can follow the moves in the solution.

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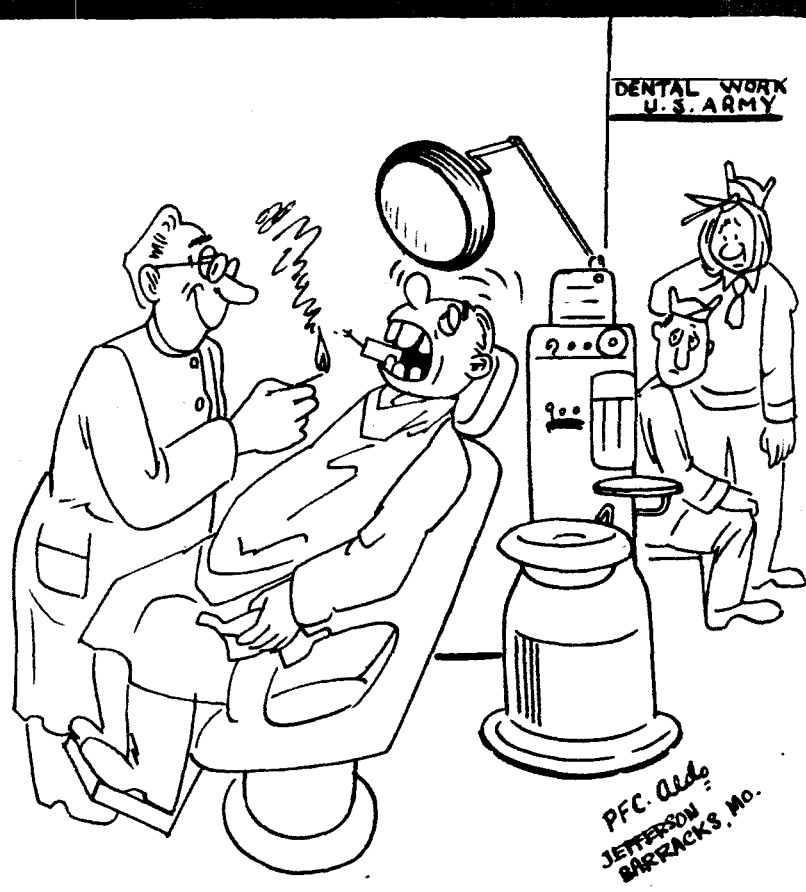
"SHE KNOWS SHE'S GOOD LOOKING."



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